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## CHAPTER ON MISSES.

The dear little *Misses* we meet with in life,
What hopes and what fears they awaken;
And when a man's taking a *Miss* for a *Wife*,
He is *Miss-led* as well as *Miss-ta-ken*.
When I courted *Miss Kidd* and obtained the kiss,
I thought in the warmth of my passion,
That I'd make a great *Hit* in thus gaining a *Miss*,
But 'twas only a *Miss cal-cula-tion*.

For so many Misses surrounded *Miss Kidd*,
With me and my love interfering:
A jealous *Miss-trust* put it into her head
That she ought not to give me a hearing.
There's a certain *Miss-chance* that I met with one day
Almost sent my hopes to destruction,
And she felt a suspicion of all I might say—
And all owing to one *Miss-construction*.

Deceived by a *Miss-information* I wrote,
The cause of her anger demanding;
*Miss-direction* prevented her getting the note,
And introduced *Miss-understanding*.
When to make her my wife I exultingly swore,
*Miss-belief* made her doubt my intention,
And I nearly got wed to *Miss fortune* before
I could wean her from *Miss apprehension*.

But when she no longer would yield to *Miss-doubt*,
Nor be led by *Miss-representation*,
She had with *Miss-like* a most serious fall out,
And to wed felt no more hesitation.
But when at the church to be married we met,
*Miss takes* made the parson to linger,
And I got so annoyed by an awkward *Miss-fit*,
I could not get the ring on her finger.

Having been so *Miss-used*, I now keep a strict watch,
Tho' I still liv'd in fear of *Miss-carriage*,
And I found, when too late, an unlucky *Miss-match*
Interfer'd with the joys of my marriage.
*Miss-rule* in my dwelling put everything wrong—
*Miss-management* there took her station,
Till my cash, like the time Lizzie singing my song,
Was all wasted by *Miss-application*.

## L'AFRICAINE;

OR,

## A SLAVE'S DEVOTION.

CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

"Because no possible good can accrue to any one by your endeavoring to interfere with that which is not a woman's business. Be silent and discreet, Selika, and do not get either yourself or Nelusco into trouble by mentioning any such suspicions to a soul on board. But the Donna Inez—where is she?"

"In the state cabin."

"Does she know of my imprisonment?"

"She does not suspect you are in the ship."

"And Don Pedro's wound—is it likely to prove a mortal one?"

"On the contrary, the surgeon says he will soon recover."

"That's the best news I have heard for many hours past: there's not much to wonder in that, seeing that I have not spoken to a soul beside yourself since they thrust me in this accursed place."

"Oh, my master! you must escape—indeed, you must!"

Vasco de Gama shook his head.

"It may not be, my faithful and devoted friend. It cannot be, for very many reasons. The world shall never say that I feared to meet my judges."

"Your judges?"

"Yes; I shall be brought to trial—there's little doubt about that."

"What for?"

"It is against the laws of Portugal for any man to raise his hand against an officer of State; but you do not understand the customs of a civilized country."

"Civilized!" exclaimed Selika. "I have seen enough hatred and malice amongst a people who have professed to be so much more enlightened than those whom they call savages. But you are pained to hear me talk thus. It is wrong—forgive me!"

"Forgive you—and for what? Indeed, to say the truth, there is much force in the words you have spoken although the world would not willingly acknowledge the fact. If, as Selika, that in all countries we shall find the selfishness of man but too plainly demonstrated."

"And woman?" said the slave.

"Is less selfish. As a proof of this——" The speaker paused suddenly, and placed his hands on the head of his companion.

Selika removed one of his hands, pressed it between hers, and then conveyed it to her lips. Even at this time, strange to say, Vasco was in a measure blind to the idolatrous love of the woman before him. For some time he remained silent and thoughtful, but at length said, in a quick and hurried manner, as if some new idea had suddenly occurred to him—"You must not remain much longer, Selika. Suppose they should miss you in your accustomed place—what then?"

"Ah, true! I should not be able to see you again," returned his companion.

"What! do you intend paying me another visit?"

She smiled, and said, "Yes."

Vasco did not like to forbid her coming; but, at the same time, he was much troubled when he reflected upon the hazard she ran. He again besought her to leave him, and, unwillingly enough, the slave consented to take her departure. Before doing so, she again inquired whether he would consent to escape if she made all the arrangements for his doing so.

"No" returned Vasco to this query. "Do not press the question further; but there is one thing you might favor me with."

"What is that?"

"Leave me the taper you have brought with you. The gloom of this place is at times insupportable. Darkness and solitude—they are in themselves quite enough to drive a man mad. And the rats—ugh! Yes, leave me your taper—I will be careful with it; I promise you that I shall only burn it occasionally. When I do so, I shall think of you."

Selika regarded her companion with a look of gratitude for his last observation, and her face became irradiated with a smile of ineffable sweetness. She then took her departure. Vasco de Gama was alone once more. On the following day one of the cabin boys brought him his meals, which he placed before the prisoner in silence. He was a gloomy, morose-looking lad, and had been appointed by Pedro to wait upon the prisoner, in consequence of his being the most taciturn and uncommunicative person in the whole ship. When night again came on Vasco had the pleasure of once more seeing his faithful slave, who handed him a small file, by means of which he might succeed in removing his fetters. She also informed him that the Tagus was in sight, being, according to Nelusco's calculation, between five and six miles off the Donna Inez. Selika declared that if it were possible to get one of the ship's boats lowered, Vasco might leap overboard during the darkness of the night, and then, by means of the boat, he could easily regain his own ship. The prisoner in the hold smiled at these golden dreams as he thanked his companion; at the same time, however, he saw the utter impracticability of endeavoring to realize them.

### CHAPTER XVII.

THE GALE—THE WRECK OF THE DONNA INEZ.

Nelusco was not very far out in his calculations when he told his exiled Queen that the Tagus was standing some five or six miles off the Donna Inez. At the time he spoke that was the correct distance between the two vessels; but on the following day it was increased to about fourteen miles. Gaspard, who was now in command of the Tagus, had determined to wait upon and follow in the wake of the royal galleon. Remembering, however, the declaration which had been made by his captain—namely, that the Donna Inez was making for a chain of rocks—our hero's mate determined upon acting with caution. He continued to take soundings as he advanced, and hence it was that he had fallen between six and seven more miles to the leeward. About mid-day the breeze began to freshen; it increased as the day advanced, and towards sunset it blew a gale. Those who were working the Donna Inez had taken in sail before the storm came on, for what the sailors called a fresh breeze was eventually succeeded by a tempest. Towards midnight, the wind, with a sudden shift, threw the Donna Inez right into the trough of the sea, which struck her aft and started the stern post. In a short time after this the confusion was at its height; Don Pedro's officers looked anxious, and gave orders to the men with singular volubility. The angry sea dashed against the sides and over the decks of the laboring ship. Vivid flashes of lightning, and long-peating rolls of thunder came in quick succession. During the war of the elements Vasco de Gama remained in the forehold; his situation was a most pitiable one.

He concluded, naturally enough, that still more terrible disasters would befall the vessel in which he was a prisoner. After events but too truly proved the correctness of this surmise. Don Pedro had by this time become most seriously concerned for the safety of the craft; he could not rest in his cabin of state; so, with his right arm in a sling, he imprudently proceeded on deck. One brief of the vessel laid him prostrate; he was terribly shaken by the fall, which caused him to writhe in agony. A bevy of officers came to the assistance of their chief. They entreated him, as he valued his own life, to remain below; and pointed out to him the impossibility of his keeping a firm footing on the deck of the Donna Inez, laboring as she was at the time. Don Pedro eventually consented to keep to his own cabin, into which he was with difficulty carried wounded and sorely bruised. It would be hard to tell all the suffering of the ship's crew on this night of ruin and of wreck. What Vasco de Gama had so long anticipated at length came to pass. The Donna Inez struck on one of the reefs of rocks. A dull, heavy sound—the noise of rushing waters in the hold of the vessel—told but too plainly the nature of the new disaster.

"Wreck!" exclaimed Paquillo. Don Pedro's chief officer, addressing himself to Nelusco, whom he grasped by the throat "Impious wretch! You have been the cause of this!"

"Me! What mean you!" inquired the slave. "I can't still the tempest! Let me go!"

"I believe you have been playing false with us," ejaculated Paquillo. 'Certain whispers have reached me. If you have been doing so, you black rascal——"

"Me—me, master!" exclaimed the slave, as he quickly interrupted the speaker. "I swear that I've done my best! It's no fault of mine that we are overtaken by a storm!"

'Leave the fellow alone for the present," said one of the officers, who stood near to Paquillo. 'Let us think only of how we may best save the ship."

"Save her?"

"Yes. The water is pouring in fast; not a moment is to be lost. All hands to the pumps!"

The cry was caught up by the crew, who repeated it in every part of the vessel. A general panic now seemed to seize all on board. Men rushed about in all directions, shouting out at the top of their voices, "All hands to the pumps!" There was, at this time, more than three feet of water in the hold. Vasco was under the impression that immediate death awaited him. Every minute the water rose higher and higher. The officers in command succeeded in marshaling two gangs of men to work at the pumps. It was some relief to our hero when one of these entered the hold in which he was imprisoned. The men set vigorously to work. They hoped, by unceasing exertions, to reduce the leak. One chain-pump and several hand-pumps were kept at work. The men continued their labors until fairly exhausted, then another gang relieved them. One of the officers of the Donna Inez ordered Vasco's irons to be struck off. When this had been done, Don Pedro's prisoner offered his services to assist in working the pumps. The crew were but too glad to avail themselves of the services of any one at such a moment. Vasco was, therefore, permitted to work like a common laborer. He was better pleased to be thus occupied than to be sitting idle in his wretched prison-house. The fury of the storm seemed to have passed away. For the remainder of that horrible night there was one thought with all on board—this was, how they might best keep the ship afloat till daylight made its appearance. While the men were pumping, another gang set to work to clear away and get up part of the cargo, so that they might thereby be able to come at the leak. It was a long time before they arrived at this; but when it was found, they stuffed in rags, blankets—anything they could lay their hands on—to stop the rush of water through the opening. How all on board that ill-fated ship prayed for the coming morn! No one, with the exception of Vasco, had the slightest idea what latitude they were then in. But it was evident enough that the King's galleon was a fixture. She stuck on the rock upon which she had foundered. Some few of the more intelligent and least prejudiced of the officers called to mind the warning that had been given by De Gama when he first came on board the Donna Inez. They thought of this with feelings of regret. Had his advice been taken, it was more than probable that the present disaster would not have occurred. Violent as the storm had been, a well managed vessel ought to have ridden through it with plenty of sea room. When the first early streaks of dawn made their appearance, anxious looks were bent upon the waste of waters. The Tagus was no longer visible. Many on board the Donna Inez had hoped Vasco's ship might have saved them from the fate which seemed but too surely to await them. It would have been humiliating enough for Don Pedro and his crew to have availed themselves of the service of the rival vessel; but every one acknowledged to himself that this would be a far less evil than perishing. When daylight came, they found the Donna Inez lying motionless on the rock. It appeared to be utterly hopeless to make any endeavor to move her from her position. The men who had relieved each other during the night, began to be worn out with their prodigious labors. The carpenter was consulted, and some of the officers suggested that he might manage to repair the leakage. He strove hard to carry out these instructions, but his efforts proved to be futile. The injury to the vessel seemed to be beyond remedy. The officers of the King's galleon did not know what measures to adopt in the dire strait in which they found themselves. A host of them gathered round Vasco de Gama. They begged of him, in the most abject manner, to take the command of the wrecked vessel. The truth of Don Jose's observations were here made manifest, when he said, "There was nothing like trouble and misfortune to bring men to their senses."

"You offer me the command of your ship, now that the damage is done," answered De Gama. "Had your captain listened to my warning, this would not have happened."

"The vessel was steered by a man who professed to have a knowledge of seas which were unknown to us," returned one of Pedro's officers.

"And you believed him in preference to me. You now see the consequence. Where is the slave, Nelusco?" exclaimed Vasco.

The officers looked inquiringly at one another.

"Where is he?" they repeated.

"Yes, that was my question."

Inquiries were made for Nelusco. No one had seen anything of him for some hours. A search was instituted. Nelusco was nowhere to be found. With blank dismay on their troubled countenances the officers of the Donna Inez informed Vasco de Gama that the slave was missing.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

AN APPALLING MASSACRE.

"She must go to pieces sooner or later, sir," said the ship's carpenter, addressing himself to Paquillo; "she keeps bumping against the rock, and there's very little hope for us unless the other vessel comes to our assistance."

"But she may have fared as badly as ourselves, or worse, perhaps."

"Then we are lost!" exclaimed the carpenter, tossing up his hands, and heaving a deep sigh.

"You mustn't talk this way, my man, said Paquillo, "When the worst comes, we can but put off in the boats. Happily the storm has passed away."

"The boats won't hold many more than half of us."

"The greater necessity is there then for immediate measures to be taken. See about constructing a raft."

"A raft?" repeated the carpenter.

"Yes. Why do you hesitate? Hours—nay, minutes—are precious. You declare the vessel must go to pieces, and yet remain inactive. A raft, man! Set about making it at once!"

The carpenter proceeded to carry out these orders. As the day advanced, the weather seemed to be more favorable; and, by constantly working the pumps, they succeeded in reducing the leak a little. This inspired the crew of the ill-fated ship with fresh courage. They hoped to keep the Donna Inez afloat till the Tagus hove in sight, but they could not conceal from themselves that there was no certainty about her coming to their relief, as she might have foundered during the night, or even if she were afloat, it was likely enough for her to be quite on another course. Towards the afternoon the wind began to blow fresh again, and as it grew later a squall came on. Some of the guns broke loose. Soon after this, a gust, the force and nature of which it would be impossible to describe, laid, with one terrific blast, the ship on her beam ends. She lay helpless and motionless. The water left the hold, and washed her decks. When this new disaster came, the officers of the Donna Inez set their men at once to cut the masts away. First the mizzen went; the mainmast soon followed. Still the ship lay like a mere log, and seemed to defy all efforts to right her. Foremast and bowsprit were then cut down, and they succeeded in easing her at last. Then she righted. The scene which followed transcends all description. Many of the men had swallowed copious draughts of raw spirits, and those who had become intoxicated were no longer disposed to obey the orders of their officers. Vasco de Gama, during the whole of the day, had been looking out anxiously for the white sails of the Tagus—but he looked in vain—his own ship was nowhere visible. He was constantly surrounded by a knot of persons with troubled countenances, whose every hope appeared to be centered in him. Vasco caused signals of distress to be fired from the guns of the Donna Inez. But no answer was returned to any of them.

"She must have been drawn out of her course," said our hero to the oft-repeated inquiries of those on board the wretched vessel. 'And if such should prove to be the case——"

"What then?" inquired Paquillo, quickly.

Vasco shook his head sorrowfully, and said, "I fear there is a poor chance for us. She must be far away now, or the our guns would have been answered."

At these words the hearts of those who had gathered round our hero seemed to suddenly sink. Their only hope was in the Tagus. The day began to decline; and as the evening came on, a thick mist arose, which was so dense that those on board the Donna Inez could not see a cable's length beyond the ship. The mist thickened—the signal guns were fired at regular intervals. The clank of the pumps was equally regular, only more rapid, continuous, and indeed, ceaseless. Paquillo, who was, perhaps, the most intelligent of Don Pedro's officers, was pacing the deck with hasty strides. Every now and then he gave orders to those of the crew who still respected the discipline observed on board the King's galleon. It was while thus engaged that Paquillo saw, or fancied he saw, some small moving object close to the vessel's side. Leaning over one of the rails, he looked down upon the water. Then he uttered an exclamation of surprise, which was repeated by two of the sailors who stood near him. These exclamations had hardly been given, before strange sounds and voices proceeded from all parts of the ship. Paquillo withdrew his eyes from the object on the surface of the ocean, and directed his glance along the deck of the Donna Inez. He had been prompted to do this as he heard a human cry, which sounded as if it proceeded from one in the agony of death. It would be a vain and futile task to endeavor to paint the surprise and terror of the Portuguese officer. The deck of the wrecked ship was literally alive with the dark forms of men. There was a noise as of a conflict in the after part of the vessel. Paquillo rushed forward, followed by the two sailors. They had not gone many paces before they were surrounded by a group of savage-looking men, who were unlike any they had ever seen before. The Portuguese officer was so perfectly bewildered at the strange discovery, that for a moment he found it difficult to credit his senses. What he recovered a little from his first surprise, he said, "who and what are you? And what is your business here?" The savages made no other answer than brandishing their weapons in a threatening manner. Paquillo was a brave man. He drew his sword and endeavored to cut a passage through them—for by this time the continuous reports of guns led him that some desperate struggle was going on in other parts of the ship. It suddenly occurred to him that Nelusco had strangely disappeared on the previous [illegible]. He ordered the men to stand aside, never reflecting for [illegible] that he spoke in a language which they did not understand. From their gestures, as well as their hideous grins, it was evident that their intentions were hostile. In the next moment, this was but too plainly demonstrated. A sailor, by the side of Paquillo, was stretched lifeless by a blow from one of the weapons wielded by the savages. Infuriated beyond measure at this, Paquillo struck down the assailant with his sword—which he wielded so dexterously as to keep his enemies at bay for a few moments. While thus engaged he heard the roar and din of the conflict in other parts of the ship; he heard the screams of the women, the shouts of the men, the cries for mercy, and the groans of the wounded.

"Mother of mercy!" exclaimed the Portuguese officer. "Am I dreaming? Who and what are these people, and from whence come they?"

Rendered desperate by the position in which he found himself, Paquillo strove at once to gain the after part of the vessel. He struck out right and left with his sword, and laid low three of his black assailants. Meanwhile, the other sailor by his side did not remain idle. He wounded several of the savages, and then, by one bold effort, he and Paquillo succeeded in cutting their way through them. Alas! it was but a momentary advantage. Fresh horrors awaited them. In the mist of the evening a scene was presented to the Portuguese officer, at which his soul shuddered. The deck was literally swarming with the dark forms of wretches who seemed to be actuated by no other principle than an insatiable thirst for blood. The dead bodies which lay around told but too plainly that numbers of the crew had already fallen victims to the black miscreants who had them at such an advantage. The attack had been made in so secret, sudden and mysterious a manner, that the Portuguese sailors were perfectly bewildered when they discovered the new enemy they had to contend with. At first, a general panic seemed to seize the crew. After this, upon seeing their companions fall, they became desperate, and on deck, between decks, and below, a sanguinary conflict was maintained for a brief period, the nature of which may not be described. Bold, brave men, the sons of one common country, were fighting desperately for their lives with a horde of infuriated savages, who seemed to be more like fiends or demons than anything human, so remorseless did they appear. The ship was completely surrounded with these canoes, which had glided noiselessly on the surface of the ocean until they had reached the sides of the ill-fated Donna Inez. The rest may be soon told. At a given signal, the negroes clambered up, gained the deck of the King's galleon, and in the space of a few minutes, they overpowered the few sailors who were on deck. I should make my readers shudder were I to describe the horrible and sanguinary scenes enacted above, below, in the cabins, on deck, or indeed, in every part of the doomed vessel. If the officers in command had the slightest notion of the onslaught when was, alas! but too successfully made by the blacks, they might, and, indeed, would, have taken precautionary measures. In any position, and at all times, even a small detachment of well disciplined troops have been always able to hold their own against ten or twenty times the number when contending with savages. It was not so, however, in the present instance. The attack of the negroes had been so swift and sudden, and altogether so unlooked for, that there was no time to form the Portuguese troops, many, and indeed most of whom, were engaged working at the pumps. All the advantage was, therefore, on the side of the blacks, who far outnumbered Don Pedro's crew. A hand to hand contest was maintained for a brief space of time. Numbers of the negroes were slain. The sailors behaved well. Many of them fought round their officers, whom they endeavored to protect as best they could under the disadvantageous circumstances in which they had been so suddenly placed; but during this period the water was fast gaining on the ship. The men left their pumps, and endeavored to reach the deck; but, after the first onslaught of the enemy, very few of the sailors were able to force a passage, as the gangways were choked up with either living or dead negroes. The slaughter had become so terrible that, both above and below, every plank was slippery with the blood which had welled forth from the dead and wounded. We must not light up every feature of this sanguinary scene, or paint it in all its horrors; but it is necessary for the purpose of our story that we should note a few particulars concerning those personages who are immediately identified with it. We left Paquillo fighting his way towards the afterpart of the ship. As he advanced, he was witness of a frightful scene of carnage. A series of piercing screams rent the air, which were terrible in their intensity; and then he observed Donna Inez and Donna Anna struggling in the arms of two black wretches, who were carrying them across the deck to the vessel's side. With all the chivalry for which his race were so justly famed, Paquillo, heedless of all else, endeavored to rush to the assistance of the two ladies. He lost his life in making the attempt. He had not advanced many paces before a blow, delivered on the back of his skull, laid him prostrate. His assailants then knelt over him, and cut and mutilated the body of the gallant young Portuguese officer in a horrible manner. Happily for Paquillo, he was unconscious of these after proceedings, as the first blow had deprived him of life.

The late G. V. BROOKE, TRAGEDIAN. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

### CHAPTER XIX.

TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE CREW—SELIKA AND NELUSCO—THE ESCAPE OF VASCO DE GAMA.

The negroes, who had sure hold of Donna Inez and Anna, were endeavoring to bear them safely to one of their canoes. Captivity among such wretches appeared to be worse than death to the minds of both the Spanish ladies, who had, on the impulse of the moment, sent forth a series of piercing screams. It is hardly possible to describe all the various acts of devotion and courage that were displayed by many of Pedro's crew during the horrible scene of carnage. When the wife of the commander and the fair Anna were carried towards the side of the vessel, there were not wanting bold and gallant men, who, in rushing forward to save the captain's wife and her companion, forfeited their own lives even as Paquillo had done. Numbers had fallen in their attempt to rescue the ladies. I must here observe that in the earlier part of this unequal contest, a knot of the King's troops had rallied round Vasco de Gama, who had inspired them with confidence and courage by the manner in which he had comported himself under all the difficulties with which they were surrounded. Some ten or a dozen of the blacks had fallen before the avenging sword of our hero, who, wherever he went, seemed to clear a passage before him. It is surprising, even under the most adverse circumstances, what the determination and energy displayed by one man will do; it serves as a rallying point for others. Such was the case with Vasco de Gama, who was in one of the fore-cabins of the King's galleon when the screams of the two ladies reached his ears. He marshalled together the Portuguese troops, and bid them follow him. To force a passage on deck was no easy matter, as by this time the numbers of the blacks had considerably increased, and every avenue in the ship was blocked up with them. Fighting as few men ever fought before, Vasco succeeded in creating a momentary panic among those who stood in the gangway. Taking advantage of this, he pressed forward and gained the deck, followed by the King's troops, whom he formed in line; and while in this order they charged the blacks, who gave way before the regularity and impetuosity of their assault. Vasco contrived to reach his beloved Donna Inez. One blow from his weapon nearly severed the right arm of the Ethiopian who held her. Howling with rage, and grinning like a wounded hyena, he released his hold of Inez, and turned upon Vasco, who stood prepared to receive him. In a few seconds after this the black fell, mortally wounded.

"Vasco!" exclaimed Donna Inez, turning, all of a sudden, even still paler than she had been before.

"There is no time now for greetings or regrets," returned our hero. "Stand by the side of me. My men, or rather your husband's men, will protect you for awhile. Heaven only knows what may happen!"

Inez was but too glad to find herself in the centre of the King's troops. Vasco marshalled to overpower the black who held Anna. When this had been done, he placed the maiden he had rescued by the side of Donna Inez. The deck of the vessel had by this time become so crowded with the Africans, that our hero's little band were completely hemmed in by their vindictive foes. Those few of the King's troops who had followed Vasco did not number more than fourteen men; but they one and all behaved nobly in this unequal struggle for life and liberty. They presented a bold front to the enemy, and obeyed the commands of their leader with promptitude and decision. For a considerable space of time this devoted band of heroes held their ground against the fearful and overwhelming numbers who were opposed to them. They discharged their muskets in rapid succession into the very centre of the Africans, who fell thick and fast. Shrieks, yells and groans of anguish sounded from every quarter; and it is possible, even at this extremity of peril, that Vasco and his troops might have succeeded in beating back for a time the hosts opposed to them, had it not been for an untoward circumstance which caused the King's troops to break in confusion. In the midst of the tumult, the voice of Don Pedro was heard, calling upon his men for assistance. When the royal troops heard the pleading tones of their commander's voice, some four or five of them made a rush forward and endeavored to reach him. This act was attended with the most disastrous and fatal results. The negroes took the opportunity thus afforded them of separating the small detachment of men, whose only chance of safety was in remaining in a compact body. Brandishing their weapons wildly, and yelling like a pack of demons, the Africans, heedless of the brilliant row of spears and the discharge of a few matchlocks, rushed upon their foes. Vasco's troops broke up in confusion. A short but desperate hand-to-hand combat ensued. The Portuguese performed prodigies of valor, but the ultimate issue of the contest may be easily imagined. One by one, Don Pedro's men fell mortally wounded. Vasco, however, in the midst of the confusion, succeeded in forcing a passage through the negroes, and soon found himself by the side of his rival. Pale, trembling, and moved to the last extremity of fear, Donna Inez and Anna simultaneously uttered a shriek when they observed Pedro stretched on the deck of his ship, covered with wounds. He was surrounded by a host of savage-looking miscreants. One man, who appeared to be a chief or leader of the blacks, raised a hatchet, which, in another second, would have descended on the head of the King's councillor. Vasco de Gama raised a musket he had snatched from one of the soldiers, and levelled it at the African. The ball passed through his heart. He fell forward on his face without even a sigh or a groan. It would be impossible to give anything like an adequate description of the rage and fury of the blacks when they saw their chief fall. Don Pedro was literally hacked to pieces; and a number of the negroes rushed forward to deal summary vengeance upon Vasco for having killed their chief. He defended himself for the space of a few minutes, but was eventually struck down by a blow from a club wielded by one of the Africans. At the same time his sword was broken off at the hilt. One of his assailants knelt down, and placed his knee on the chest of the prostrate captain. Vasco looked into the face of the man, who, with rolling eyes, and a hideous grin, was gloating over his victim. He was about to perform the last act of the dreadful tragedy. Our hero felt that his last hour was come. Above him gleamed a knife, which was held for a moment aloft by the black savage who had him at his mercy. As the negro was about to strike, a confused murmur of many voices made him pause for a moment. The nature of the sound Vasco was at a loss to understand. In the situation he was in at the time minutes appeared to be ages. A sharp report was heard, and then the black fell across the body of De Gama, without life or motion. The ball from a pistol fired by Selika had entered his brain.

"Wretches!" exclaimed the faithful slave. "Take my life, as you have taken the lives of the rest, but spare him!"

The speaker came to the side of our hero and raised him to his feet. When this had been done, she stood before him like some beauteous Amazon of old, challenging the enemy she dreaded, but defied. The Africans seemed for a minute or so to be completely panic stricken. They exchanged looks of surprise and mute inquiry.

"Spare his life!" exclaimed Selika. "He is a friend to our race!"

"He has murdered our chief, and must die!" answered an old negro.

"Yes, he must die!" repeated several others.

"Then I will fall with him!" ejaculated Selika, winding her arms around her late master, and endeavoring thereby to shield him from his enemies.

"Seize her!" exclaimed the old negro. "Down with him!"

At these words some of the blacks sprang forward, and caught hold of Selika and Vasco, whom they endeavored to separate; but this was no easy task, as the former clung to our hero with much the same sort of determination as a drowning man is supposed to cling to a straw. At length they became still more infuriated; and, one more savage than the rest, struck Selika a blow on the head, which, for a brief period, rendered her senseless. She released her hold and fell upon the deck. Vasco was so incensed at this act of ruffianism, that he hit the fellow in the face with the hilt of his sword, which still remained in his hand. The man gave a howl of pain and rage, as the blood flowed down his dark features. In another moment the slave, Nelusco, made his appearance on the scene.

"Ah!" exclaimed De Gama. "You here?"

The slave made no reply; but, from his manner, it was evident that he was in trouble. As he stood, hesitating how to act, Selika recovered her consciousness. She sent forth a sigh of relief when she caught sight of Nelusco.

"Save him!" she ejaculated, pointing to De Gama. "For my sake save him!"

"Oh, my Queen!" returned Nelusco; "it cannot be done! There is one universal cry for vengeance!"

"Has not enough blood been already spilt?" murmured Selika, rising. "Look around! See the bleeding witnesses of their wickedness! Oh, this is indeed horrible!"

"They will not heed me!" answered her companion.

"Speak to them! You must save him!"

Nelusco addressed himself to some of the Africans; he endeavored to make them comprehend that Vasco had been kind to both himself and his queen. While thus engaged Selika had crept up to the side of her late master.

"Follow me," she said, in a low voice. 'This way; they will take your life if you remain. Oh, great Brahma! teach me how to act! Come, follow!"

The two took their way shudderingly over the dead bodies which lay strewn around in every part of the vessel. Strange to which lay strewn around in every part of the vessel. Strange to say, they were not molested. As they proceeded along, there seemed, all at once, to be a sort of lull, or sudden apathy, as the blacks immediately after Nelusco had made his appearance. The blacks knew their characters and natures much better than Selika, who knew their characters and natures much better than her companions could do, sought to take advantage of the temporary cessation of hostilities. She led him below; then she said rary cessation of hostilities. She led him below; then she said hurriedly, "Do not pause or falter now, my master. If you remain here they will slay you, even as they have slain your brave companions. You must escape!"

"Escape!" repeated Vasco, in a tone of incredulity. "Where?—and how?"

"Alas! that we should not have met earlier! But there is no time for regrets now. I know the nature of your enemies; they are surprised and bewildered now at what Nelusco is telling them; but they will soon recover from this, and then——"

The speaker paused suddenly, and placed her hands against her temples.

"You are seriously hurt," said her companion.

"Do not trouble yourself about me," she returned; "think only of yourself. Oh! that I should have lived to be witness of such a scene as this! Let me think! Yes, you must escape, my own dear, good master! Ah! the ship is sinking!"

"She will not float much longer—she will go down, Selika; and then there will be an end to the golden dreams of Vasco de Gama."

"No, no! it must not be! You must live! See here!"

"What?"

The slave pointed to one of the cabin windows which stood open.

"I do not understand your meaning," observed her companion.

"Can you swim?" inquired the slave.

"Yes."

"That is well. Drop from this window into the water; the ship is surrounded by the canoes of these murderers, which are now empty; jump into one of these, and get clear off; the dense fog will favor your escape; and for the rest you must trust to—"

The beauteous slave paused, and, raising her hand, she pointed upwards.

"This is now your only chance," she said, after a pause, looking fondly into the face of her companion. "Your only chance. And, oh, my master! should we never meet again in this world, you will not forget her whose last and latest prayer will be for you."

"I cannot. I will not fly and leave you and the Donna Inez to the mercy of these ruffians.

"You must be mad to talk thus. If you persist in remaining, they will slay you. I know that, since their King has fallen by your hand."

"Their King!"

"Yes! But hark! There's another cry for vengeance! Fly, my dear master, ere it be too late!"

Vasco was, as we have already seen, a brave and chivalrous man. He hesitated. Although the King's galleon had never been under his command, he did not like to desert her.

"Will you follow my advice?" said Selika. "In another minute or so it will be too late."

"But the Donna Inez and Anna?" exclaimed the Portuguese captain.

"You cannot serve them by remaining. Leave my mistress and her companion to my care. I will endeavor to protect them from any violence."

Under all the circumstances, Vasco thought it would be best to adopt the advice of his companion. After breathing into her ear expressions of his gratitude, he crept through the cabin window, and dropped into the sea. Selika looked out but the fog was too dense for her to see either the fugitive or the canoes of the assaulting party.

"He may yet be saved!" she ejaculated, in a hoarse whisper. "Great Brahma, protect him!"

TO BE CONTINUED.


# NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1866.


## NOTICE.

### To Subscribers and Advertisers.

As a standing and general answer to the many correspondents who write us for information on these subjects, we beg leave to submit the following rates:—

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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| Single Copy | 10 cents | Subscription per annum | $5 00 |
| To Wholesale Dealers | 6¼ " | " for 6 months | 2 50 |
| To Retail Agents | 7 " | " for 3 months | 1 25 |

To clubs of four or more, a deduction of 50 cents will be made from each annual subscription. Subscribers in Canada and the British Provinces, $1 per annum extra, to cover postage.

ADVERTISING.—Twelve cents per line for each and everyinsertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line; a liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week. Communications, to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible. As the business of the CLIPPER is conducted on the Cash principle, payment in advance for both subscription and advertising is insisted upon. All letters and communications for any and every department of this paper must, to insure attention, be addressed only to FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor, 22 Spruce street, New York.

## To Correspondents.

A. N. AND OTHERS, Philadelphia.—My attention was called yesterday to a decision made in last Sunday's *Dispatch* in regard to playing euchre, viz:—The dealer being the last hand has the privilege of playing alone although his partner has previously announced his intention to assist. Will you be kind enough to inform me through the columns of your paper if the above is in strict accordance with the game of euchre and also if the dealer, being the last hand and ordered to take the trump up by the opposite party, they playing alone, has the right to play alone against his opponent, and if so how much does the winning hand count?".....The rules on the game of euchre, in Hoyle's book, say that with some players the dealer can go alone when his partner assists, while with others he has not that privilege, but that to make the matter clear, the players should decide this point before commencing the game. Our own opinion is, that no player has the privilege of going alone when his partner assists. In regard to your second query, we would say that, under no circumstances can the dealer go alone when an opponent has already ordered up the trump, and declared to go alone; should the dealer persist in going alone, however, and should he secure the five tricks, he is only entitled to score two points for the euchre.

J. A. C., Pittsburgh.—We know of no general rules governing raffles, and therefore, in the absence of such rules, the custom of the locality should rule. Our own opinion is, looking at the agreement in its literal construction, that the three 43's take one prize, and so on in regular order, but in this opinion we are overruled by the generally accepted custom, which gives a prize to each of the 43's. As it seems to have been the intention to give the prizes to the highest throws, and if such is the custom in your city, then the prizes had better be given to the three 43's and the two 42's.

SCRATCH, Chattanooga, Tenn.—1. A "scratch" is the technical term applied by billiard players when a player makes a count in some other way than that which he intended; in other words, a scratch is a count by luck and not by skill. 2. If, in the act of making a shot, the player disturbs a ball with his coat sleeves or the butt of his cue, it is termed a foul shot, and not a scratch. In this latter case the player cannot count, and the next in rotation takes his turn.

EMANUEL, Georgetown, D. C.—The origin of the game of dominoes is involved in obscurity; but it is said to have been introduced into France from Italy about the beginning of the last century, and from thence found its way to all parts of Europe and eventually to this country and almost all other parts of the globe. It is a popular game chiefly because of its simplicity, although there is scope for a good deal of mental exercise in some of the games played.

DOMINO.—1. Some games at dominoes are calculated to exercise the mind considerably, but there are too many "ifs" to reduce the game to anything like a certainty, like chess or checkers. 2. It is our opinion that the doctrine of chances cannot be applied to dominoes, like backgammon, because the former is less a game of chance than the latter. 3. Get Dick & Fitzgerald's "American Hoyle." 4. See answer to Emanuel.

GIN, Albany.—1. Dr. Winship is one of the strongest men, but that he is *the* strongest is more than we are prepared to say. 2. He is living some where down east, we believe, but the precise where we know not. 3. Roberts, the English billiard player, has not issued such a challenge that we are aware of. 4. A letter addressed to Heenan, care of N. Y. CLIPPER, will reach him.

NE PLUS ULTRA.—1. They will not play in this city. 2. They are said to be as good a band as any in the country. 3. Wood's Minstrels are on a traveling tour. 4 We do not know of any one who would buy Vols. 12 and 13 of the CLIPPER. What you ask for them is very reasonable. 5. The steamers don't go to San Francisco, but stop at Panama.

ATHLETE.—1. No such work in this country. 2. Take lessons from some experienced gymnast. 3. A youth of eighteen summers might become tolerably expert if he be strong, agile and diligent in his exercises; but the younger one begins, the more likely he is to become skilful.

CHAUN, Forrestville.—1. Morrissey was twenty-seven years of age when he fought Heenan. 2. Ed. Price is engaged in the brokerage business in Washington city. He fought Joe Coburn and Australian Kelley. 3. Not that we are aware of. 4. John Deery is an American.

PINKIE.—1. The Firemen's Association that visited Philadelphia to participate in the parade of the 16th of October, 1865 are or were not the same as the old Exempt Association. 2. The Reynolds Circus has not sailed for Mexico yet.

W. R. G., Baltimore, Md.—A cross, in sporting parlance, is when a party wilfully loses a match of any sort when he can win, for the purpose of fraudulently making money by outside bets, or for a consideration.

S. L., Hudson, N. Y.—At all fours, two players having each one to go, he who holds "high" wins; unless the dealer, being one of them, should turn up Jack. Jack in hand does not count until after the point for low is taken.

G. F. ORRIS.—Money received, advertisement inserted and CLIPPERS sent to you regularly each week to Caracas, Venezuela, care of American Consul. Have sent you a bundle of CLIPPERS by this week's steamer.

J. H. S., Whitestone, S. I.—As no cards had been played, he does not lose his deal, but should place the trump card under the pack, give himself another card, and turn up the next on the pack as trump.

BOSTON.—"At cribbage, A plays an ace, B a seven, A an eight B a six, and takes a sequence of three, when A plays another eight, and claims a sequence of three. Is he (A) entitled thereto?'.....No.

GERMAN, Cincinnati.—Neither man can claim to have won on such a non-committal decision. Either get the referee to make a positive answer or draw your bet.

HANS Columbia, Tenn.—Take chalk and pulverize it, or common whiting, mix with a little water and rub it well in. This will not only whiten but cause them to lay down.

SPY, Montpelier, Vt.—1. About six years ago. 2 The Madigan boys are engaged at the Hippotheatron in this city. 3. Gibbon-noise is in the West. 4. Duprez and Benedict's. 5 Cannot say.

ENQUIRER.—If B chose to bet on such a matter it was his own affair, and he should take the consequences. If he bet that either one was heavier than the other he would lose.

A. F. TEMPLE, Boston, Mass.—We regret being unable to furnish you with the base ball rules, but they are not yet published, and will not be till April next.

J. J. S., Chattanooga, Tenn.—1 Send to Messrs. Phelan & Collender for a bottle of their coloring fluid, with instructions. 2. No obligation. 3. All right, keep us posted.

SPHINX, N. Y.—The Bowling Green near the bottom of Broadway was so named because a bowling green was in olden times located there.

S. C. STATLER, Camp Huston.—Your name does not appear on our books and furthermore there was no issue of the CLIPPER dated Jan. 12th.

GEORGE B. LAWRENCE, Kansas.—Get one of Jerry Thomas' books on mixing drinks. Address Dick & Fitzgerald, No. 18 Ann street, N. Y.

J. C. M., Cincinnati.—If you have not sent for your letters and received them, some one else has, or called for them. We have none for you now.

E. L. B.—Your letters reach us one day after we go to press. Write so that they will come to hand on Saturday of each week.

C. S. R., Fulton.—Fifteen dollars was the regular price, but speculators received from $25 to $40 for each ticket.

CORIOLANUS, Newark.—1. Fanny Vining was her maiden name. 2. He was her agent for a little while.

ENDIX.—He receives either one half of the receipts after the expenses or a per cantage of the gross receipts.

J. D. ELKINGTON, Philadelphia.—James Hanley, of No. 2 Fulton street, N. Y., has a set of Boxiana for sale.

HATTIE, St. Louis.—We have not heard from him since he was in your city.

M., Washington.—It is the original Billy and the same that met with the steamboat disaster.

F. A., Lansingburgh.—1. We have a few copies of that date. 2. Do not know the ages of the ladies you mention.

J. D., Big Rapids.—"In seven up, A and B are 5 each. A makes high game, B makes low, Jack. Who goes out?".....B goes out.

J. H. Y., Fort Leavenworth.—Order a pocket edition of Hoyle's games through some one of our book advertisers.

FORTY-FIVES.—1. The ace wins the deal. 2. The ace of diamonds is the lowest card when not trumps.

PROF. MOREY.—Remit by Post Office order $11.24 for three months, or $21 for six months.

T. V. D.—1. Born Jan 8th, 1843. 2. Do not know her age. Has been married. 3. Mr. B. has been married but once.

D. H., Zanesville.—We have preserved your items until we make up our regular circus list for the season.

A. J. R., Haverhill.—Tony was not with the company, but his brother Billy was.

F. E., Detroit.—1. Do not know the party you mention. 2. Certainly not, you are never too old to learn.

POOLE.—The fight between Jem Mace and Joe Goss lasted two hours and ten seconds.

ELL.—Henrietta Irving is in St. Louis, at Ben De Bar's, having left New Orleans.

STEELEMINT, Baltimore, Md.—We are not "old salts" enough to answer your queries. Write to some shipping house.

COMSWAIN.—They are both boat builders, as you will see by their advertisements in our aquatic column.

LISLE, Pittsburgh.—Photograph received. Accept thanks. Your letter came too late for this issue.

LANGDON, Columbus.—Your items are too stale. When they reach our readers they would be three weeks old.

CICERONE, Lockport.—We do not have any stamped envelopes for our correspondents.

E. S.—The Yankee is at present in this city arranging for the coming season.

VINEGAR & CO.—Too late for outside. For three months, $6.24.

BARDABUS.—Fifteen dollars will square the account.

T. K.—Three sixes beat three aces.

KITTIE, Richmond, Va.—Items always acceptable.

B. C., Ottawa.—Your items may be acceptable.

W. P. N., Baltimore.—Heenan is a native of Troy, N. Y.

## THE INTERNATIONAL SCULLING MATCH.

JAMES HAMILL vs HARRY KELLEY.

THE efforts which have at different times been made to bring about a match for the Aquatic Championship of the World, between the representative oarsmen of America and Great Britain, are now in a fair way of meeting with that success which they deserve. As Johnny Bull could not be prevailed upon to "cross the raging main," and favor us with an international contest on this side of the Atlantic, our little Pittsburgh oarsman has waived all objections and agreed to tackle him upon his own dunghill. The forfeit money is posted upon either side, showing that both parties mean exactly what they say, and now all that remains to be done in order to bind the match is the signing of the articles and the selection of a stakeholder. The CLIPPER containing Hamill's last communication, and the acknowledgement of our receipt of $1250 on his account, had not been received in England at latest advices; as soon as it is laid before Kelley we doubt not the requisite preliminaries will be speedily arranged. Hamill purposes taking the steamer about the latter part of April, whether the match be previously completed or not. He will, it is understood, be accompanied by his brother Johnny and Jim Laughlin, as trainers, his principal backer, John Paisley, and a few friends. We were in error in stating that Johnny Mackey would be his mentor. The London *Sporting Life*, of Feb. 14th, alludes as follows to the match:—

"Some weeks have now elapsed since Kelley acceded to all the stipulations of the American champion (Hamill) and gave him an opportunity to row over any course in England. The New York CLIPPER comes forward as the latter's spokesman, and tells us 'the Pittsburgh sculler will assuredly proceed to tackle the aquatic lion of Britain full early in the spring.' This announcement would have been much more assuring if it had been accompanied by a quantum of corn to cover the deposit in the hands of a contemporary."

BROWN DONE BROWN.—That getter up of "inconsidered trifles" in the way of weddings, funerals, parties, etc., for the *elite* of society, and who also officiates as sexton of Grace Church, had a skirmish with Gen. Grant during the recent visit of that officer to this city. Brown, ever alive to the exigencies of the occasion, and always desirous of being "seen" in high circles, in an unguarded moment caught the General by the arm, and requested him to listen to Professor Morgan's playing on Grace's big organ. The officer, who must certainly be "fit for treason, stratagem and spoils," having no music in his soul, made one of his characteristic flank movements upon the enemy, freed himself from the entangling alliance, and said that "he did not know one tune from another, and that he would sooner hear a bass drum than an organ any day." It was a squelcher on Brown, who will never forgive this insult to himself, to Morgan, and his favorite organ.

Says Sexton Brown to General Grant,
"Come listen to our organ,"
"Ah, no," quoth Grant, "for me the drum
Is quite a good enough Morgan."

THE SEA OF MUD IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK, with nearly all the females in the city in the *ballet*, exposing their well turned ankles and "more too," and nearly all the masculines in the gymnastic troupe, turning back falls, hands and knees falls, and other wintersetts and astonishing feats, which has enjoyed such a long run, ninety days and nights, or thereabouts, to the great benefit of the ring masters, is about to give place to another play of an opposite character, to be entitled "Down with the Dust, or the Cholera Outflanked," which may be appropriately termed a Healthy Bill. Its predecessor ran up a healthy bill for the city, with no assets, which we hope may not have to be asserted of the present one. Brooms and spades are trumps now, and, with a full hand, it is thought that the new company will sweep the deck.

CHORUS.—March, March, the March winds are coming,
So clean up the streets without delay;
When, the piles of dirt cleared off, we shall breathe
pure air again,
And the scavengers will sweep disease away.
March, March, etc.

ABOUT TO MIGRATE.—Harry Wright, the skilful and much esteemed cricket and base ball player, and son of the veteran Sam Wright, has had a first rate offer made him by the cricket club of Cincinnati, which Harry has accepted, and leaves the scene of his many triumphs, Hoboken, for Porkopolis on the 8th inst. This is all right for Cincinnati, but wrong for cricket hereaway, and certain it is that we shall miss him very much. Harry takes with him Mrs. Wright and all the little Wrights, and if the Cincinnatians don't take good care of these popular Wrights, we'll "scrouge" 'em out of the Union. However, we wish him every success in his new field of labor, and we are sure that those generous supporters of cricket who have engaged him will have no cause to regret having done so, for in addition to being a skilful player, Harry is a gentleman, and what more can be said or needed?

OUR P. R. CHAMPION.—It is now pretty well defined that Wm. Davis, the California representative in our Fistic Congress, is Champion of the American Prize Ring, no one daring to accept his defi, recently issued to those of the muscleman faith throughout the country. John Woods, the member from Massachusetts, intimated his readiness to give Davis a hearing, but on the latter presenting himself, Woods insisted on the friendly discussion taking place in "neutral" territory, New Brunswick, one of Queen Vic.'s dependencies. This was asking a little too much, the "neutrality laws" of our neighbors not being very sedulously observed during a former conflict among ourselves. Davis is now the recognised champion of the "Pugiliatic Congress of Manual Artists."

BEAUTIFUL!—That is the universal verdict of those who have looked upon a chromo-lithograph of Mr. Ryswick's celebrated horse, Hambletonian, a most noble looking animal indeed. The lithograph is by H. C. Eno, from the original painting by J. H. Wright, both artists of renown in this branch of the fine arts. Every admirer of that noble animal, the horse, should purchase one of those lithographs, for price of which, etc., see advertisement in another column. A copy ornaments the CLIPPER'S sanctum.

NOISY CROWDS.—Of late, the crowds who throng the galleries in Congress have become noisier and more disorderly, even, than the members of Congress themselves, and, to preserve the peace, an extra force of police has been detailed for duty in the galleries. They must be a very rough crowd, indeed, when Congress complains of the noise.

PEDESTRIAN CHALLENGE—THE VETERAN JOHN GRINDELL ON DECK.—John Grindell is prepared to make a match with either Cassidy or Brady, to run a distance of five miles for from $250 to $500 a side. A deposit of $50 left at the CLIPPER office will be covered immediately.

## THE RING IN WASHINGTON.

### Sharp and Decisive Contest for the Championship of America,

BETWEEN ANDY JOHNSON AND THAD. STEVENS.

Much interest has prevailed in political sporting circles of late touching a match between that renowned exponent of muscular Christianity, Andy Johnson, of Tennessee, and the equally celebrated delineator of the science of manual defence, Thad. Stevens, of Pennsylvania. The betting has been quite spirited ever since the match was first spoken of, Thad. having the call, although Andy's friends were by no means slow in accepting all tempting offers. The affair being of a national character, intended to decide the question of the American Championship, it was mutually agreed that the passage of arms should take place on the 22d of February. We gave orders to one of the reportorial staff of our Fighting Bureau at Washington to repair to the ground selected for the arenic display, watch the proceedings carefully and impartially, and to render us a true, faithful and detailed account of this exciting and important match. At "immense expense" he accomplished the object of his mission, and the following is the result of his labors:—

### THE GREAT FIGHT.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF NEW YORK CLIPPER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 26th, 1866.

A short and decisive battle took place at Washington, D. C., on the morning of the 22d of February, 1866, between Andy Johnson, of Tennessee, and Thad. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, both well-known adherents of the "Ring." It seems that the parties had some misunderstanding about a certain bill or document, which was got up by Thad., and sent to Andy for approval, previous to its being put in circulation. It also seems that Andy refused to endorse the aforesaid bill, and that he furthermore wrote a word composed of four letters across the face of the bill, thereby defacing it so that it was pronounced useless and valueless, which so enraged Thad., that he immediately sought out Johnson and demanded satisfaction. A meeting of the friends of both parties was called, and it was decided to settle it by a fistic contest, according to the rules of the Washington Ring. Both parties went to work in earnest, determined to expedite matters, and waste no time in idle bravado or wordy argument, the principals, with their seconds, friends, etc., repaired to the appointed place at an early hour on the morning of the 22d of February, where the ropes and stakes had already been placed in position by that well known Ring maker, Kit Burns, of New York, to whom had been confided the important and difficult duty; and here we desire to testify our approval of the manner in which Mr. Burns acquitted himself; the ground was a capital spot, affording ample sitting and standing room for the large concourse of sporting and political celebrities which it was known would be in attendance, and who thronged the grounds long before the gladiators made their appearance. Betting was lively, with odds of 800 to 700 on the Keystoner although the Tailor Boy of Tennessee had his agents out picking up all such easy things.

Precisely at 10 o'clock, the principals and their attendants were observed making their way from the other end of the avenue to the place of fighting. Instantly a shout went up that made the welkin ring, and shook the fistic ring to its foundations. Thad. was the first to shy his castor into the ring, falling over the ropes in an effort to follow his beaver; this was looked upon by his seconds as an ill omen. Thad. was immediately followed by Johnson, whose castor was wafted away from the ring by a puff of wind, to the evident disgust of his partisans. The principals were accompanied by their seconds, Ben Wade of Ohio, and Charley Sumner of Massachusetts acting for Stevens, while Johnson was squired by Billy Seward of New York, and Lissy Grant of Illinois, the latter (a most excellent two handed fighter) having fought the longest fight on record, when he met and defeated one Bobby Lee a year or two since.

A difficulty now presented itself in the matter of choosing a referee, and it was feared that the match would end in a general wrangle; but better councils finally prevailed, concessions being made on both sides, and finally Harry Beecher—who has had much experience in settling disputed points, and whose pious antecedents have gained for him the sobriquet of the "Sporting Parson"—consented to accept the unthankful office. Ben Butler was the bottle holder, and Johnny Forney chronicled the time.

A toss was now had for choice of corners, which was won by Andy's seconds, who selected that corner in which he would be free from the glare of the sun, while, on the other hand, it would fall directly in Thad's eyes; this was an important point, although it may seem quite trivial to an outsider, or to those not posted in affairs of the ring. The colors of the men were now tied to the stakes, and as they were unfurled they were greeted with enthusiastic shouts by the respective partisans of the heroes of the day. Andy's colors were composed of a square of white bunting, alternately striped with red, while in one corner was a square groundwork of blue, with thirty-two stars worked thereon, surmounted by the words, "The Union," immediately under which was embroidered the classic Ring phrase, "Esto, perpetua." Stevens' colors were somewhat similar, differing in the number of stars—for while Johnson's colors showed thirty-two stars, Stevens' showed but eleven; they also bore his motto, "Equality to All," the whole encircled by a deep black border.

All things having been satisfactorily arranged, the principals doffed their army blankets and other unnecessary toggery, and stood up in fighting costume. Principals and seconds now met in the centre of the arena, where they shook hands in the most amicable manner, and then returned to their corners. Thad. offered to lay his opponent an even thousand that he won the fight, but Andy said he had wagered his last dollar before entering the ring, and therefore could not accommodate his adversary; his second, Grant, offered to loan him the sum, as he had just received a handsome remittance from New York; the offer was declined, however, and "Time" being called, amidst breathless suspense the men stood up for

THE FIGHT.

As the men confronted each other we had ample opportunity to note their proportions and physical condition. Neither man was in the best of trim, in consequence of not paying proper attention to their training, and Toppy Maguire remarked that it would be a short battle in consequence. Johnson was a trifle the heavier, while Stevens overtopped his antagonist a little. Their positions were rather awkward, but they stood firmly on their pins, and looked as if each meant to annihilate the other.

Round 1. "Both men came up smiling" in orthodox style, and got quickly to work as though they intended to make short work of it. After some slight sparring Thad. sent out his left mawley on a voyage of discovery, which was neatly stopped by Andy, who returned the intended compliment by a heavy visitation on Thad's conk, which caused the claret to flow. (*First blood was claimed for the Tailor Boy, and allowed by the referee.*) Stevens, losing his temper, rushed wildly in, when some lively fibbing took place, at the end of which both went down, Andy under—(One hundred to seventy-five offered by the Rads, and freely taken by the Conservs.)

Round 2. Both men came up confident, and Andy immediately attempted to affix his signature over Thad's left organ of observation, but the wily Pennsylvanian got away cleverly. Some sparring now took place, when Thad., by a well-directed right-hander, got cleverly on to Andy's mouth organ, but napped in return a stinger on his damaged horn, which caused the Rad's latter end to kiss the earth, at the same time sending his No. 10 brogans on an aerial voyage towards the clouds. (This was a clean knock down blow, and one hundred to ninety was offered that Thad wouldn't come to time).

Round 3. Both men puffing and blowing, and intense excitement around the ring; Wade and Sumner did all in their power to revive their man by dashing water on him, biting his ears, sticking pins under his nails, etc., and at last Thad. came up rather groggy; he seemed anxious to keep out of reach of Andy's right bower. Sparring for wind, and Andy urged to force the fighting. They got to work again, Thad. actually leading off, and getting in a tesser on the tailor's ribs, and then cleverly slipping down to avoid punishment. (Cries of "Foul" by the conservs.) The referee cautioned Stevens, and ordered them to fight on.

Round 4. Andy came spiritedly to the scratch, while Thad. was rather slow to the call of time. After some lively sparring on both sides, Thad got in a neat one on Andy's right optic, while the tailor boy executed a carom upon the champion of equal rights' bread basket, which sent him to earth, and caused him to see stars enough to embellish a score of American flags. (Cheers for Johnson, and offers of one hundred to ten that Andy won. No takers. Stevens' friends, anxious to save themselves, tried to hedge, and in a few instances succeeded.)

Rounds 5 and 6. Andy answered quickly to the call of time, while Thad. came up doubtfully and feebly. It was evident to all that Stevens could not prolong the struggle, and his seconds were urged to take their man away to save him from further punishment, for his eyes were in mourning, and gave evidence of early closing, while the ruby coursed its way down the lines of his open countenance; but Thad. who is game to the back bone, "would not be denied," and manfully faced his irate antagonist for another tussle. Stevens again acted on the offensive, and dashed out his left duke, which fell short of its objective point; Andy immediately countered with his auctioneer, landing it full on Thad's little bill, completely obliterating all the features of the head and front of his offending, and sending him to earth like a shot. (The outsiders here made a rush toward the prostrate man, and a wrangle was imminent; "give him air," was the cry: "a sand back, stand back, the man's dying!" shouted the excited throng. A rush was made at Johnson, but Billy Seward and Grant confronted the hostile array, and kept them in subjection. Forney was reluctant to call time, and Andy's partizans surrounded him. More than three minutes had elapsed since Thad. was cut down, and the people clamored for "time," which was at length called, but Stevens was deaf to the call, and amid great confusion and excitement the Referee declared that the great contest for the American Championship had been fairly won by Andy Johnson, who was thereupon lifted upon the shoulders of his enthusiastic friends, and toted to his head quarters, the "Pewter Mug," Avenue XXX.)

REMARKS.

The fight lasted precisely thirteen minutes and a half, and was one of the gamest fistic encounters we have had to record in several months. Johnson exhibited great firmness; and though his blows were of the ding dong sort, they were fearfully effective, cutting deep wherever they landed; his judgment was far better than we had expected to find in a man fresh from the tailor's board, for the position he was placed in was of a very trying nature, and would have deterred many a more experienced man from entering the lists with such a consummate fistic delineator as the Pennsylvanian. By putting himself under the guidance of such an old stager as Seward, and undergoing a course of training under the supervision of Grant, Andy Johnson need not fear to enter into an international match with any man in the world. Stevens, "although defeated, is not disgraced;" had he taken more care in his training for the encounter—had he looked less lightly upon the abilities of his opponent—had he not permitted the advice of others to influence his own judgment, and thereby confuse and distract him in his preliminary breathings, a different result might have attended the battle. As it was, he had too many trainers—one suggested one thing, another something else, and so on; he was advised to force the fighting, whereas he should have waited to see what his opponent's tactics would be. Instead of taking his time, reserving his strength, and permitting his adversary to show his hand, Stevens was urged forward at too early a stage of the meeting, so that when his strength and judgment were most needed, he lacked both, and came to grief in the end. Whether he will have another shy at his victorious antagonist, time alone will tell, but our opinion is that he will scarcely undertake another trial. Others may come forward to tackle the game Tennessean, but different tactics must be resorted to from those practiced by Thad. Too much praise cannot be given the seconds and bottle holders for the efficient manner in which they fulfilled their allotted tasks, and though all could not be successful, the defeated have the satisfaction of knowing that they fell in a good cause. Our thanks are due the principals, seconds and others for courtesies extended our reporter during the great struggle.

BIG BILLIARDS.—By a report of a billiard match played in Baltimore, on the 28th ult., which will be found in our billiard column, it will be seen that Mr. E. H. Nelms made the astonishing average of thirty-three, lacking eighteen points, and in the table of counts it will be seen that he made such runs as 79 twice, 91, 98, 110, 122, 150, 166 and 196. This play by Nelms overwhelmed his antagonist and certainly lifts him up to the grade from which a challenge for the championship of the United States demands attention.

THE FLY AWAY BASE BALL CLUB of East Boston, Mass., held their third annual ball at Sturtevant Hall, on the last night of February. We thank them for a complimentary invitation sent, but distance did not lend enchantment to the view, so we could not fly away to be with the Flyaways on that auspicious occasion.

SAD CATASTROPHE.—By late news from Europe we learn that the *habeas corpus* has been suspended in Ireland. It will be a bad thing for Europe if any other corpeses should be suspended in Ireland.

ON THE "ALERT."—The first grand *soiree* of the Alert Base Ball Club, of Philadelphia, will take place at Musical Fund Hall, in that city, on the 12th inst. We tender our thanks for an invitation to be present.

THE VETO.—In Connecticut, they talk of getting up a great mass meeting to endorse the President's veto of the Freedmen's Bureau. Probably it will be a "blue" mass meeting.

DON'T LIKE IT.—Col. Forney does not like the idea of the President calling him a "dead duck." Perhaps he would prefer to be known as a live quack.

THE DIFFERENCE.—In New York, "tripping on the light fantastic toe" is all the go; in Washington, Johnson's veto is all the rage.

WATCH 'EM.—The "Iron and Steel Association" has been in session in Washington. The authorities have had an eye on them.

## THE TRIGGER.

### THE CHAMPIONSHIP PIGEON MATCHES.

The two great matches for $4000 a side and the championship, lately arranged between those rival marksmen, John Taylor, of Jersey City, and Wm. Seeds, the "Jersey Boy," are to take place at Greenville, a spot distant about four miles from Jersey City, on the 6th and 7th instant. The men have encountered each other upon four different occasions heretofore, each winning an equal number of matches, which fact has been the means of investing the approaching shoot with peculiar interest to the devotees of the trigger, and sportsmen generally. Taylor has been the acknowledged champion hitherto, but Seeds disputes his right to the title, and subsequent to his last meeting—when he won both matches—the "Boy" challenged any man in the States to draw a bead with him for the "proud position," ignoring the claims of the Jersey City representative. Taylor at once accepted the gauntlet thus thrown down, and the present brace of matches was the result. The following are the conditions upon which the shooting will be conducted. First day—fifty double birds each, eighteen yards rise, and one hundred yards boundary; second day—one hundred single birds, twenty yards rise and eighty yards boundary. The amount pending is the largest ever staked on a similar affair, and as the friends of each man are full of confidence, the speculation upon the result is very heavy.

PIGEON SHOOTING IN NEVADA.—A shooting tournament was held at Virginia on January 27th. The main match between Messrs. Tuers and Truett, was not decided, it being a tie. Tuers offered to decide the matter by shooting a certain number of birds, but Truett declined the proposition, stating that he was not in good health. As the match ended, it is a draw, but the parties may yet decide it by shooting another match. The first match was between the parties named below, who each put up $5 as a "pool" or "pot," each to have three birds. The following is the score:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Holmes | 1 1 1 | Neal | 1 1 1 |
| Ross | 0 1 | Post | 0 1 |
| Hyatt | 1 1 0 | Peachey | 1 1 0 |
| Doyle | 0 0 | Tuers | 1 1 1 |
| Truett | 0 1 | | |

There being a tie between Holmes, Neal and Tuers, it was agreed that it should be decided by shooting double birds. The result was as follows:—Holmes, 0 0; Tuers, 1 0; Neal, 1 1.

Next came the main match between Tuers and Truett, Tuers giving Truett five dead birds to begin with. The following is the score:

Truett.....5 0 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1—15
Tuers.....1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1—15

The next match was between Doyle and Hyatt, each choosing two men. The following is the score:

| DOYLE'S SIDE. | | HYATT'S SIDE. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Tuers | 1 1 1 1 0 | Peachey | 0 0 1 0 1 |
| Holmes | 1 1 1 1 1 | Hyatt | 1 1 1 1 1 |
| Doyle | 1 1 0 0 | Ross | 0 1 0 1 0 |
| Peachey | 1 1 1 | Tuers | 1 1 1 |
| Collins | 1 0 | Doyle | 0 |
| | | Holmes | 1 1 1 |

After this, a "pot" of $5 each was made, and shot for by the gentlemen named in the following score:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Hyatt | 1 0 1 | Tuers | 1 1 1 |
| Ross | 0 0 | Doyle | 0 |
| Peachey | 1 1 1 | Holmes | 1 1 1 |
| Collins | 1 0 | | |

There being a tie between Holmes, Tuers and Peachey, it was agreed to decide it by shooting single birds. Score: Peachey, 0; Tuers, 1; Holmes, 1. Holmes and Tuers having tied, they settled the matter by dividing the "pot." There were about 175 birds on the ground, but all were not shot. Quite a number of sharpshooters were posted about the grounds, and such birds as were missed and got outside of the lines had a hot time of it. Very few escaped. There were one or two crack shots outside of the lines. One man attracted particular attention. He shot every bird that came near him. A raven which flew over him was made to bite the dust, all the same as though it had been a pigeon.

PIGEON SHOOTING IN PHILADELPHIA.—An exciting pop at pigeons, for twenty-five dollars a side, came off at the hotel of E. Hoffman, Fox Chase, 23d Ward, Philadelphia, on the 23d ult., between L. Dover, of Frankfort, and Jno. Cornell, of the Fox Chase, at eleven birds each, the usual rules governing the match. The score was as follows:—

L. Dover.....1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0—9 out of 11.
Jno. Cornell.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—9 out of 11.

It having resulted in a tie, they agreed to shoot at five birds apiece, which again terminated in a tie, and both being satisfied with the issue, the money was drawn, and the preliminaries entered into for a fresh match on some future day, and for a heavier stake. There was to have been a grand match at the same place on March 5th, for a mammoth hog, said to be the largest one in the State, and supposed to weigh 1,200 pounds. This match would, it was expected, bring together all the crack shots of the Quaker City, and some tip-top shooting was looked for.

TALL SHOOTING.—One of the most remarkable displays of skill with the trigger which has ever come under our notice, says an exchange, was lately witnessed at Capt. Travis' shooting gallery, in the city of Savannah, Georgia, the marksman being Mr. Samuel K. Head, an *attache* of the Savannah *Herald*. Mr. H. first took deliberate aim at the target, ringing the bell seven times out of ten shots. He then placed a bottle on the floor at a distance of twelve paces, setting a cork upon the mouth of the bottle and a bullet on the top of the cork. He accomplished the difficult feat task of striking out the cork and dropping the bullet into the bottle without breaking the latter, five times out of ten trials. Mr. Head is a pupil of Capt. T., who is acknowledged to be the best pistol shot in America.

## CANINE.

### Harry Jennings in the Field.--Having concluded

his Chicago engagement to the "satisfaction of all concerned," HARRY JENNINGS is at present located in St. Louis. He has been looking diligently for a chance to show what kind of material his "purps" are composed of since the big fight in the Garden City, but as yet none of the Western fanciers have manifested a desire to "get on." He is prepared to make a match, or series of matches, with "Sheffield George," the representative of New York, or "any other man," at the following weights, viz: 17, 19, 20, 22½, 23, 24, 25, 26, 35 or 36 lbs., for from $100 to $1000 a side. To show that he means business, Harry will give Sheffield George $50 as expenses in each and every match, providing the meeting takes place at Jack Looney's, in St. Louis. This is a golden opportunity for the New Yorker, and if he thinks $50 insufficient compensation, Harry will allow him $50 as his share of the pit money, if he will agree to make three matches for $500 or $1,000 a side. This is far more liberal than what he received in his match with the Chicagoians, he having traveled a distance of 1,000 miles without anything being allowed him for expenses. The above matches to take place not later than the 31st day of March. Letters to be addressed to HARRY JENNINGS, care of Frank Orrey, corner of Fifth and Green sts., St. Louis, Mo. 48-1t

THE PIT IN "OLE WIRGINNY."—The town of Portsmouth down in the Old Dominion is always alive to any and everything that will in the least afford amusement. On the 17th ult., a large number of the lovers of fun collected at the Carolina House, on King street, to witness a rat bait and cocking main. The weather being unfavorable, only two dogs were entered for the bait—Pet, owned by Mr Stokes and Mr. Talbot's Fannie. The latter was declared victorious and awarded the prize collar, having succeeded in killing seven rats in twenty-three seconds. Four cocks were entered for the main, but only two pitted, Mr. Knight winning both fights. Several other mains and baits are on the carpet down there, and it is stated that a champion belt of gaffs and a collar are to be awarded to the victors thereof.

A NOVEL FIGHT.—A very exciting and novel piece of amusement was afforded the good people of Connersville, in the Hoosier State, recently. We allude to a fight between three dogs and a bear—lately captured in Minnesota—which came off just outside the town limits on the 22d inst., the amount staked upon the issue being $400. At the commencement the quotations were 5 to 1 on the canine representatives, but during the fight the odds veered round in favor of Bruin. After a struggle of forty-five minutes duration, the referee decided it a draw and the stakes were returned.

We have received another account, which states that the bear was whipped in twenty-five minutes, by McCormick's dog, Bendigo and Rodney—the former forty-two and the latter thirty-four pounds—and Tom Wilson's dog Danger, thirty-eight pounds.

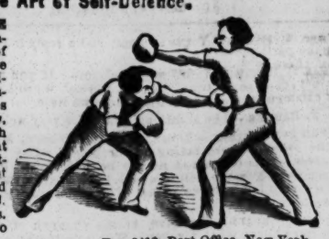
DOG DISPUTE.—On the 15th ult., a number of fanciers congregated at a well known sporting house in Cincinnati, to witness a controversy between Pat McCormack's dog Sweep, and Mackey's dog Dick, for $100 a side. Sweep was declared victor after a struggle lasting forty minutes.

CHALLENGE.—Thomas Wilson's dog, Bendigo, will fight any dog within two hundred miles of Cincinnati, at forty-two pounds weight, for two or three hundred dollars a side. Man and money ready at any time, at John Davies' Covington, Ky.

CHAL

## THE RING.

### The Noble Art of Self-Defence.



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48-1t*

*THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA.*

JAMES DUNN AGAIN ENTERS THE LISTS.

HE WILL FIGHT DAVIS FOR ANY AMOUNT.

As anticipated last week, the fact of Bill Davis proclaiming himself Champion of this "Great and Glorious Republic," has had the effect of presenting to him the opportunity, so long wished for, of testing the calibre of the big guns of the American Prize Ring. Jim Dunn, of Brooklyn—who, it will be remembered, defeated Davis in Pike County, Pa., on the 16th of May, 1865, since which time he has not figured in the pugilistic arena, though challenged respectively by Davis and Jimmy Elliott—now comes forward to dispute the ex-Recorder's claims to the Championship. He called at our office on the 5th inst., and left the subjoined acceptance of William's challenge, depositing at the same time the sum of $100 to ensure the match. The sporting community have long looked forward to a second encounter between these heavy weights, and Dunn's silence, when challenged by Davis last year, was commented on in anything but flattering terms; the following letter explains his reticence, however, and proves that he is willing to meet the Californian at any time. We have every reason to believe that the proposed match will not terminate as ingloriously as have the two previous Championship affairs, and should the meeting be effected—and that it will be we entertain no doubt—it will create intense excitement among the fraternity here and elsewhere. Read the letter:—

BROOKLYN, March 5th, 1866.

FRANK QUEEN.—*Dear Sir:*—In last week's edition of your valuable journal, I noticed a letter from Wm. M. Davis, signing himself Champion of America; in which, he makes use of the following language, viz.:—"Henceforth if any person wishes to fight me, it will be necessary for him to place a sum of money, not less than $100, in your hands to insure the match. In the meantime I shall claim the title of Champion of America, and will defend it against all comers. I would rather have won the title by a good square fight than assume it without, but as no one manifests any inclination to dispute my right thereto, I think I am justified in claiming the title. I wish it to be distinctly understood that I am anxious to fight, and willing to meet any one who thinks he can thrust me from the position I have assumed." After my fight last year with Mr. Davis, I was advised by my friends not to fight for two or three years; but my friends think that Mr. Davis assumes too much when he styles himself the "Champion of America," and they have withdrawn their objections to my fighting, and I am now ready to fight Mr. Davis for two thousands dollars a side and as much more as he wishes, and give him a chance to win by a fair fight, according to the rules of the P.R., the much coveted honor of "Champion of America." I am ready to meet Mr. Davis at the CLIPPER Office to make the further arrangements that are necessary on any day he names. In order that Mr. Davis will not be disappointed in this match, I enclose herewith one hundred dollars to make it good on my part. Very respectfully, JAMES DUNN.

AFFAIRS PUGILISTIC IN MONTANO TERRITORY.

JIM SHANNON AND JOE RILY MATCHED.

CON OREM CLAIMS THE TITLE OF CHAMPION OF AMERICA.

A correspondent, who evidently knows whereof he speaketh, sends us the following interesting items from the gold deestricks of Montano Our readers will be suprised to hear that Con Orem puts in a claim to the enviable position of champion boxer, and sorely puzz'ed to conceive upon what grounds the same is based. As he has never yet fought, or done aught to entitle him thereto, of course his assumptions are utterly unwarranted. It is impossible, much as it may be desired, that either Dunn, Elliott or Harris will take any heed of his proposals, but if he is really anxious for a chuck with "any man in America," we are assured that he will experience no difficulty in getting on with Bill Davis, the present champion by default, as the latter has expressed a particular desire to put up his digits in a twenty-four foot pitched somewhere in the locality designated by Orem. Read, ponder and digest:—

"FRIEND QUEEN.—We have at last succeeded in effecting a match between Jim Shannon and Joe Riley, for a purse of $500, to come off on the 4th day of March. Both men are confident, and as they are known to be thoroughly game, a rattling encounter is anticipated. A great deal of dust is being invested upon the result neither party demanding odds. In conversation with Con Orem last night, he informed me that he had forwarded a challenge to the CLIPPER office, offering to fight any man in America. Has he done so? He has published a card in the Montana *Democrat*, stating that his next essay in the magic arena will be for the championship of America, which he claims to have held for two years, and many here believe it. Will you please inform me whether such is really the case, as I have made a bet that it is not. He says he is anxious to fight either Jim Dunn, Jimmy Elliott, or Dooney Harris, for from $1,000 to $3,000, and proposes to meet either of the three half way between here and New York. Should any of those named come to Montano, they would not lack for money or backers. Con tells me that the sports of Virginia City are getting up a bet at a cost of $1,000; so, if any of the eastern boys propose traveling, this is the spot to emigrate to. I have sent word to Idaho City, requesting Patsey Foy to come here, and he will do so as soon as the snow will permit. Con says his last fight with Patsey Marley was a square battle—but failed to convince me—the 'circumstantial evidence' is too strong against it. In regard to his first fight in Delaware, he tells me it was *intended to be a draw*, and says the same concerning his first fight in Montano. He says that he received a letter from Patsey, while at Idaho City, asking him to fight and make a draw of it. This I cannot credit, for I was with Marley from the time he first entered the Territory, and wrote all his letters myself. I paid a visit to Jim Shannon last night, and found him looking well, and taking his breathings under the mentorship of Jim Connelly. I have likewise visited Riley, who is doing work with Con McCarty as trainer.....A rough and tumble took place here last evening between Bill Grimes, of Nevada, and Jim Gibbons, trainer for Orem in his late mill. They fought for some thirty minutes, when they were separated, both being completely exhausted. Yours, &c.,

ST. HELENA, Montano Territory, Jan. 31st, 1866. P. W. G."

We have never received such a challenge from Orem as that alluded to, and the idea of his proclaiming himself Champion for the past *two years*, is simply absurd. It would appear from the above letter that the report of Orem and Marley having made a third match, for $10,000, was premature.

HOLLYWOOD'S EXHIBITION.—The sparring and olio entertainment lately given by this scientific young boxer at Cooper Hall, Jersey City, was one of the best conducted and most enjoyable affairs of the kind which has ever taken place in this vicinity, and we advert to it a second time for the purpose of giving due credit to those who contributed to render it such. The Eureka Glee Club, an organization said to be composed of considerable talent, opened the proceedings with the "warbling" of a popular air, which they rendered so well that they were obliged to "come again." Tommy Quinn, a member of the club, next entertained the audience with a display of the "light fantastic," followed by Shaw in a comic refrain. The boxers being now "ready for the fray," Old Bill Tovee introduced those diminutive kids, Charley and Commodore Lynch, who excited the risibilities of the "sovereigns" muchly. They were followed respectively by Dick Dorsey and Mike Herne, Arkansas Warbler and Tom Herne, Ed. Wilson and Dick Dooney, Jem Frawley and Denny Horrigan, Johnny Morris and Morris Phelan, Johnny Keating and Mickey Herne, Billy McLain and Butt Riley, Mike Coburn and Pete Donohue. Feeney and Tim Golding then contended in a challenge jig for "that cup"—which we haven't heard that either of them received—and Fred Williams, the "broth of a boy," infused fresh spirit and enthusiasm into the representatives of the F. B. by his humorous recitation of the wrongs of 'Ould Erin." The sets-to specially worthy of mention were those veterans, Morris and Phelan, and Keating and Herne, the latter being the finest display of science witnessed during the evening. After William the veteran had returned the thanks of the *beneficiaire*, Johnny Grady and Dick Hollywood wound up the sport by a rattling bout.

DENNY HORRIGAN TAKES A NIGHT.—The little Dreadnought, who, as many of our readers are aware, had a pretty tough tussle with Mr. Sickness lately, has again returned to the old stamping ground, and contemplates presenting his claims to the sporting public at Bloomingdale Dramatic Hall, No. 316 36th street, on the evening of March 13th. Good sparring is promised and the tariff is light, so that his *confreres* should see to it that the exhibition nets Denny plenty of spending money for his proposed trip to the gold regions sometime this month.

SPARRING IN BALTIMORE.—The devotees of the manly art in the Monumental city have been besurring themselves of late. On the evening of the 23d ult., an exhibition was given at the Metropolitan Hall, under the auspices of Robert Perry, a professor of the science in that city. Among those who "put up" on the occasion was Sam Collyer, who sometime since challenged any man in the country at from 130 to 136 pounds, which is still open for acceptance. The exhibition is said to have been well conducted and proven a thorough success. So mote it be.

THE RING IN CALIFORNIA—BIG MATCH IN PROSPECT.—Our correspondent, "M. L. D." writing from Frisco under date of January 30th, states that there was considerable talk of a match between Tommy Chandler and Billy Dwyer for a stake of from $2,500 to $5,000 a side. The only difficulty was, that Billy wants to fight at 140 lbs, while Chandler's ruling weight is 138 lbs. If this was the only obstacle, we think it very probable that the meeting has been arranged. Should our surmises prove correct, the match will be regarded with much interest hereabouts, as Billy made many friends during his late visit to New York.....The sparring exhibition given for the benefit of Chandler and Maguire, contestants in the late battle royal at Lakeville, took place in San Francisco on January 27th, and proved a success, the house being jammed. Maguire netted about $400, Chandler generously donating his share to him. Billy Dwyer and his brother, Scotty, of Brooklyn, Joe Winrow, Enoch Davis, Johnny Walker, Bill Buckwood, Billy McManus, Dutch Sam, Young Nyland, Dave Whyte, Tom O'Donnell and others, sparred, and C. Barnett went through the club exercises.

DUBLIN MIKE'S LEVEE.—There was a good muster of the fancy element at the hall, No. 174 Forsythe street, on the evening of the 3d inst., the attraction being a sparring exhibition, gotten up for the benefit of Mickey Regan. Among those who put up their hands on the occasion were Johnny Grady, Johnny Morris, Jem Frawley, Mike Dorsey, Johnny Hanneo, Herrick and Johnny Farley. The wind-up was between Dan Kerrigan and Dublin Mike. The sparring was very good, and everybody seemed well pleased with the show. The thanks of the *beneficiaire* are due Mr. Cullen for his kindness in volunteering to sing several Hibernian ballads, which he executed in a praiseworthy manner.

JOHN C. HEENAN'S MOVEMENTS.—We have been informed, on what we presume to be good authority, that the ex-champion pugilist is about to return to England, he having been sent for by a "noble lad" of the British Empire.

## THE TURF.

### The Dark Chestnut Trotting Stallion.

NOMINATION

By Wild Irishman, dam by Cassius M. Clay, out of an Abdallah mare, Abdallah by Mambrino by imported Messenger, the best trotting blood in this Country, will stand from April 1st to August 1st, at the hotel of D. G. Gale, in the Village of Montgomery, Orange Co., N. Y. $25 to insure and money collected when proved in foal. The best of pasture at $6 per month. All accidents and escapes at the risk of the owner.
48-13.* JESSIE R. WOOD, Agent.

### A few Chromo-Lithographs of Rysdyk's celebrated horse Hambletonian,

from the original painting by J. H. Wright, lithographed by H. C. Eno. This engraving is a close imitation of the oil painting and considered by all good judges to be a perfect likeness. Every picture has the endorsement of Mr. Rysdyk. Size, 28x34. Price, in colors, $5. In plain black and tint, $3. Published and for sale by J. J. CLONE, 945 Broadway.
48-1t*

TROTTING IN CALIFORNIA.—On the afternoon of January 27th, a trot came off at the Bay View Park, near San Francisco, Cal., between those three speedy nags, Katy Tricks, Major Beck and Eugene Casserly, which was won, after an exciting contest, by the mare. Annexed is the summary:—

*Bay View Park, January* 27, 1866.—Purse and stake $400; mile heats, three in five, in harness.

| | |
|---|---|
| C. Lusk's ch m Katy Tricks | 1 2 1 2 1 |
| B. Rice's gr g Major Beck | 2 1 2 1 2 |
| O. Lewis' gr h Eugene Casserly | dr. |

Time—2:54½; 2:54½; 2:55; 2:51; 2:51.

On Feb. 1st, the same horses met again The day was an unpleasant one and the attendance very limited, but those who ventured out were gratified with one of the most closely contested trots of the season. Major Beck was the favorite, but Casserly, who was last in the betting, won in excellent time. Summary:

*Bay View Park, Feb.* 1, 1866.—Purse and sweepstake $250. Mile heats, three-in-five, in harness.

| | |
|---|---|
| O. Lewis' gr h EUGENE CASSERLY | 1 2 3 1 1 |
| B. Rice's gr g Major Beck | 2 1 1 2 2 |
| C. Lusk's ch m Katy Tricks | 3 3 2 3 3 |

Time: 2:48½—2:47½—2:49—2:49—2:49½.

On the 3d ult., weather permitting, a double team trot was to take place, for which Downey and How are-you Now, Sorrel, Charley, and Katy Tricks, and Major Beck and Lowery Matthews had been entered.

HORSE RACE IN THE DESERT.—On the 20th of January, a trial of the relative speed and endurance of English thoroughbred horses in hot climates, as contrasted with those of the Arabian breed, took place on the desert between Cairo and Suez. The competing animals were a full blooded Arab, belonging to Prince Halim, and an English horse, the property of Mr. Smart. The distance traversed was ninety miles, which the "Arab stud" accomplished in seven hours, fifty-six minutes and thirty seconds but the representative of Albion went all to pieces about eighteen miles from the goal. Reumer's thermometer marked 30 deg., with a high wind blowing.

## LATER FOREIGN SPORTS.

YORKSHIRE MEN ON THEIR MUCKLE.

On Feb. 12th, the supporters of the Prize Ring in the Barnsley district, Eng., had the opportunity of witnessing one of the best fights that has taken place in the district for a great length of time, between J. Ibberson and H. Winter (alias Gulley), for £5 a side, at catch weight. They met at Whitecross Wood, between Worsborough Dale and Barnsley. Precisely at the time appointed, a quarter past seven, the men entered the ring, the choice of corners being won by Ibberson, who, of course, took the higher and most sheltered position.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The men were quickly at work, Gulley leading off with his left on Ibberson's right peeper, and receiving in return a hot 'un on the ribs and another on the right cheek. Gulley made a solendid shot straight from the left shoulder, and caught his opponent a stinging hit on the right eye, drawing the claret, he failing from the force of his own blow.

2. Both well up to time, and apparently eager for the fray. Gulley led off with his left, but it fell short, giving his opponent a fine opportunity, which he was not slow to take advantage of, and he gave Gulley a pile driver on the ribs, which sounded all over the ring. Gulley countered him on the right eye and jaw, when they closed, but the latter being the better wrestler, threw his man and fell heavily upon him. Betting: 6 to 4 on Gulley.

3. Both sparred for wind. When the lads got to work Gulley invested "a hot 'un" on the right eye, causing the ruby to flow very freely. Ibberson, in no wise daunted, dashed out his left and caught Gulley on the cork, which drew the cork. The men then closed, and after a hard struggle for the throw, each fobbing away at the ribs, they fell side by side in Gulley's corner.

4. A regular hard-fought round in the pell-mell style, at the close of which both fell from the force of their own blows.

5. Gulley, again forcing the fighting, led off with his left on his "friend's" right eye. Ibberson then gave him a trot round the ring, and on their facing each other Gulley cleverly planted a spanker on the right eye, also doing considerable execution with his right on the ribs, which caused a lump to rise about the size of an egg. Ibberson now dashed out his right, and caught Gulley on the ribs, which completely doubled him up, and he fell heavily. Even betting.

6. From the severe blow which Gulley got in the last round, it was scarcely expected that he would stand up again, and it was somewhat surprising to see the game little fellow come up to time. When time was called by the referee, Gulley went staggering to the scratch, and led off with his left, making a slashing hit upon his opponent's right eye, which was already "shut up," while he received a heavy counter on the left eye. On the men recovering themselves, each planted his left on the right eye, and both went down from the force of their blows.

From the last round to the finish there was nothing particular to note, but that both rattled away in the give-and-take style, fighting most gamely to the end. The friends of Gulley wished him to desist ten rounds before the last, but he refused; his principals, however, seeing that he had no chance, and observing that his legs were failing him, threw up the sponge in token of defeat. Altogether 28 rounds were fought in forty minutes. The men were waited upon by well-known followers of the fistic art. Ibberson is 21 years of age, stands 5ft 7in, and weighs 11st; while his opponent is 23 years of age, stands 5ft 5½in., and pulled down 10st 2lb.

A FISTIC CARNIVAL.

The week commencing February 19th promised to afford a perfect carnival of pugilistic sport to the lovers of the sport in Merrie England, two very important events being upon the tapis for that week. First and foremost of these was the trial of skill and endurance between those big 'uns, George Iles and the Giant O'Baldwin, for £100. The Giant, who has been looked after by Jesse Hatton, has been in hard work at Surbiton, and is reputed to be quite a "different guess" specimen of humanity to what he was when he met Marsden. He has been in constant practice with the gloves since that encounter, and is said to have improved in confidence and skill, and his friends assert that his trials with the gloves have been so severe that they must have accustomed him to a great deal of the punishment which even the best of men must sometimes expect in the fistic arena. George Iles, whose interests have been looked after by Old Nat, is also in good trim, and very confident; he had been at work at Leatherhead. His gallant struggle with Joe Wormald has convinced his friends that Master George was no shirker, and he is, therefore the favorite in the betting, notwithstanding the fact that he gave away some seven inches in height and a proportionate amount of adipose tissue to boot. The "beaks" have exercised more vigilance than usual over them of late, and it is now extremely difficult to bring off a mill; but it was believed that those in charge of the above affair had conducted matters in a manner which left no doubt of a satisfactory termination of the encounter. The second and not less interesting event is the renewed struggle between Jack Rooke and Bill Ryall for a stake of £400, which was to have eventuated about the 23d of February. It is to be hoped that the referee will be able to select a spot more eligible for business than that where they had tried conclusions five weeks ago. Both men were in training for a month previous, Rooke at Altrincham, under his old trainer, Crudgington, and Ryall at Buckhurst Hill, under the watchful eye of Best. Both men were well up to the mark, and eager to settle the affair one way or the other. Several other minor meetings were also fixed for the week in question.

THE BRITISH P. R. CHAMPIONSHIP.

The deposits for this interesting event continue to be put up regularly. After the 3d of March, the stakes were to be increased to £10 a side weekly—Joe Goss still makes the Old Boat, at Wolverhampton, his place of residence, while the Man of Beeston, is earning golden opinions as boss boxer of the sparring department at the Liverpool Gymnasium. The speculation thus far has been very light, Jem being the favorite in what little has been done.

SCULLING ON THE THAMES.—Bartholomew Murphy and Daniel Russell, a couple of rising Thames scullers, met on Feb. 15th for a second trial of skill, the distance being from Putney to Mortlake, the men rowing in old fashioned boats. Geo. Hammerton was chosen referee, and after the usual amount of dodging, a good start was effected at 2 hours 20 minutes and 30 seconds. Russell caught the water first, and rowing much the faster, showed his bow ahead after the first twenty yards. Murphy now getting well into his swing, came up at the star, and for the moment looked as if he were going by; but Kelley's lad keeping up his very lively stroke, stuck to him, and the advantage on either side was a mere trifle until passing Simmons', where Russell was about a quarter of a length in advance, amid immense cheers from his party, who ever since the start had been taking level money and the merest shade of odds with great avidity. Going by Finch's, Murphy came up again, and the wind off the Surrey shore here making the water a little nuppy, which did not suit Russell's rowing, Murphy gradually stole up, and at the point led by a bare half length, which was increased to a length at the Dung Wharf, as the men got into the straight and caught the full force of the cross wind. Cauckem now began to take his man over into the smooth, and Russell being kept straight, there was every prospect of a foul; this was, however, fortunately avoided, and they kept on their course, Murphy being evidently only extended by his efforts to keep clear of Russell, who, though hampered by the broken water, stuck to his man right gallantly, spurting up, and from time to time overlapping him, until opposite the Crab Tree, where, with a vigorous rush, he drew half up his opponent's boat. Murphy kept sturdily at work, but for the moment Russell had evidently the pace of him, as after a number of plucky little bursts Russell showed in front opposite Cowan's barges, and went ahead so quickly that in a few strokes he was all but clear. (2 to 1 on Russell). Murphy, however, had a bit left, and putting it on, came again, Russell being apparently busied after his quick work. The struggle was now most interesting, Murphy, in spite of his superior rowing, not quite getting up to his man, and Russell led through Hammersmith Bridge by a few feet. After passing the bridge, the men remained nearly level for some time, Russell being inshore in the best water; however, though Murphy had to come out to clear a barge, he kept his man well in view, sometimes drawing up nearly level with him, and at others being quite half a length astern, but never exceeding this limit. At the Doves, the Murphyites called on their man, who answered gamely, and putting on a few extra long ones, he came quite up, and the pair were again as level as at the start. The enthusiasm was now intense, and Murphy resumed the premiership in the betting, after being deposed for nearly a mile. At the Oil Mills, Murphy's stern was just clear. Russell now fell behind, though the water opposite Chiswick Ait was unusually smooth, considering how lumpy it was about Hammersmith. At the top of the Ait, Murphy, though hugging Surrey rather too closely, increased his lead to a clear length, in spite of the efforts of Russell, who, though rowing a painfully quick and short stroke, continued manfully at work, so much so that his friends, with some show of reason, did not despair of his repeating his former coup. Rounding into Barnes Reach, the water was again lumpy, and Murphy went further a head; but when both were well across in the smooth, Russell came up a little, and Murphy contented himself with keeping a clear length ahead. Opposite the Bull, Russell again drew up, and Murphy, who appeared unable to pull his left enough to clear the rushes, had a bare half length advantage. This, however, he kept to the bridge, and, passing Wilcox's, gave a game half dozen, which took him well ahead. Both man had now had enough of it, and Murphy keeping up a uniform steady stroke, won at the Ship by about two lengths and a half in 34 min. 50 sec., on a bad tide.

## OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

GUSTAVUS VAUGHAN BROOKE.

In the CLIPPER a few weeks since, we published a lengthy biographical sketch of this clever tragedian, (whose portrait may be seen on the first page of our present issue) and therefore it is unnecessary to repeat it here. Suffice it to say that Mr. Brooke was born in Dublin, April 25th, 1819; at a very early age he showed a great liking for the theatre, and when he had reached his 14th year he appeared as William Tell, in place of Edmund Kean, who had been taken suddenly ill; he met with such a favorable hearing, and so pleased his audience that he was engaged to fill out the week, and from that period dated his upward progress. He first appeared in America at the Broadway Theatre, New York, Dec. 15, 1851, and achieved a marked success. He visited nearly all parts of the world in a professional capacity, and about the beginning of the present year left England in the steamer London, bound for Australia. On the 11th of January that ill-fated vessel went down, and Mr. Brooke was among those who perished in her.

## AFRICAN SPORTS.

### A Panther Hunt.

"Hold back! That howl betokens harm!"

"Yes, by Jove, the dog will bleed to death! That hind leg's broken, and the throat torn to the shoulder bone!"

"Stand back! The Hottentots are cowering; 'tis no common beast! Each look to his prime—firm heart and steady eye; the death shot takes the skin!"

"A panther! Yes, as big as a tiger! That spring has cleared the jungle. Look! he's thrown himself betwixt the forked limbs of that old thunder rifted oak, and, like a wild cat, lies on his side at bay. Now——"

"No, massa! me say no fire, massa! No, no—let de beast play de fisty cuff'ee wid de dogg'ee.

The voice of Gaspal sounded just in time for a reprieve, and three of the dogs ran gallantly in. The panther's eyes glowed red with a fiery intensity; but still he remained as motionless on his post of vantage as if an inanimate carcase. The largest hound having warily measured his distance, now made a desperate snatch; but with the dexterity of a juggler the savage pard struck him at once right and left with his armed paws, and the unfortunate lurcher fell, blinded, bleeding and howling to the earth. The second, cowed at the fate of his comrade, ran yelping off; but a fourth, coming to succor the third, both sprang forward open mouthed. As if amazed, the panther half raised himself for the encounter; and when the dogs closed, first striking his claws with a sudden blow into the brain of the lowest, he caught the other in his jaws by the nape of the neck, and slung him over his head spinning through the air.

"Now, by all the duyvils, that dog butcher would slaughter a pack! Stand back, Gaspal—I'll have a shot! Back!"

The elephant "roer" of Drakenstein was brought to a level, his finger on the trigger, when, with the most provoking nonchalance, the wilful Gaspal perched himself on a fragment of rock immediately before the intended victim.

"No, not de massa fire! Me teach'ee de beast von little trick'ee—de last he ebber vont to learn."

As if awake to the hint, but with rather an equivocal expression of gratitude, the lips of the panther retracted, until the ghstening ivory of his fanged teeth was perfectly apparent; his back began to arch, as if he anticipated a leap, and his dilated tail grew restless as an angry serpent. The Hottentot felt that time was precious, and whirling his glittering pole-axe round his head with a most intimidating flourish, he brought it down with the rapidity of a thunder-clap, as he supposed, on the skull of his adversary. As he supposed! Gaspal had a keen eye, but the panther had a quicker, and thus, by a change of attitude, the agile animal gave the descending axe free way to bury its fury in the harmless wood. Disconcerted by this unexpected failure, Gaspal forgot himself so far as to lean forward in attempting to withdraw his weapon. The panther caught the momentary vantage, and striking a tremendous backward blow at the head of the unfortunate Hottentot, he tore off the better half of his left ear, and ripped up a considerable portion of his scalp. Cootje bit his lip with rage and fired. Men do nothing well in a passion, and an excellent charge was villanously wasted. The panther again crouched, as if preparing to bound on the wounded Hottentot, who, howling with pain, still staggered forward, when the strange smile which has before been noted, played like a momentary gleam on the countenance of Laroon; his small rifle was brought; as it were, instinctively to his eye, and in an instant, shot through the brain, the panther lay gasping on the sand.

POWER OF IMAGINATION.—The celebrated Dr. Cullen, of Edinburgh, has, in one of his lectures, stated that imagination was sometimes the cause of diseases. A few of the students being desirous of bringing the remarks of their learned preceptor to the test of experience, left the city one summer morning expecting to fall in with a simple wagoner with whom they were acquainted, and who they knew would come to Edinburgh with a load of coals that day. They arranged themselves so as to be at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from each other. The first on meeting the man accosted him thus: "Jock, what is the matter with you? You seem very unwell." "Unwell," said he, "deil hae't is the matter wi' me. I only wish I was in Edinburgh to get my pottage." In a few minutes he was met by a second one, who, with a very serious countenance, said, "Dear me, Jock, what makes you go abroad in such a situation? you look as pale as death." "I feel an unco pain in my head," said Jock, 'and begin to be awfu' tired as I am ganging along the road.' He was asked a similar question by a third. The poor fellow now began to believe he was really indisposed. He felt sick at his stomach, and to use his own words, 'like bane in his body was so sair that he could scarcely gang any farther. In brief he did not ken how to haud up his head." He made shift to crawl along till he fell in with the fourth, who told him he looked like the picture of death. "You need na tell me that" said Jock, "I find that I'm na long for this world. O my head. O my back! I canna stan'. O do my guid master, let me lean on your arm, and take me into the hoo's, or I shall dee by the side of the dyke." Jock was accordingly put to bed, received medical aid from those on whose skill he reposed the fullest confidence, and was well on the ensuing day! It is no more than fair to state that the students were so much pleased with their experiment, that they were perfectly willing to pay for it and accordingly they presented Jock with fifty guineas for the uneasiness they had given him.

SKITTLES, AHOY!—A handicap skittle match, open to all comers at $2 entrance, is announced to take place at the Half Way House, 520 Eighth Avenue, on the evening of the 29th inst. Mr. Cleaver, proprietor of the court, will be then prepared to make a match at skittles for either one, two or three players on a side, for any amount that may be mutually agreed upon.

## AQUATICS.

**James McKay,**
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**Shell Boats Built to weigh One Pound to the Foot.**
Spoon Oars of the latest improved style. 50 different kinds of Boats on hand. The late Yale College, Ward Brothers, and Hamill's Shells were built at this shop. We are prepared to beat our last boats, as we learn something every day—at the old Boat Building Shop, foot of 114th street and Harlem River, New York.
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## AMUSEMENTS.

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TWO AND FOUR HORSE HARNESSES.
ORGAN, AWNINGS, &c., &c.
For further and direct information,
Apply to L. B. LENT,
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**TO CIRCUS AND SIDE SHOW MANAGERS.**
An A 1 Violinist, Middle man and One legged Clog Dancer, also a first class Lady Vocalist and Danseuse, can be engaged by the above managers or Concert Saloon managers, by applying to
JAS. CONNER & CO., Dramatic Agents,
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**EMILIE MELVILLE,**
THE PET OF THE AMERICAN STAGE,
Having just completed successful engagements at Detroit and Pittsburg, will shortly appear on the Boston boards.
All letters addressed to
JAMES CONNER & CO.,
Dramatic Agents and Costumers,
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A. D. FITCH,
Who has been for the past year connected with the Newark Theatre as Business Manager and Treasurer, is now
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**TO THE THEATRICAL PROFESSION AND COSTUMERS.**—The largest assortment of Yankee and Spanish Combs in the world; also, Jewels, Dresses, &c., &c., &c. For sale at 10 Prince street, N. Y. 48-2t*

## AMUSEMENTS.

**THE SHAY AND LOVEGE CONTROVERSY.**

Third and last answer to a vile, slanderous article, perpetrated by more than ONE, under the fictitious signature of WM. F. LOVEGE. The prime mover of this dirty controversy is a small, weasen-faced, dried up individual, with more the appearance of an Egyptian mummy than semblance to a man; and I am only waiting for a little more proof to bring their names before the public in full, and capitalized at that. Having answered two of the loafer's dirty-mouthed articles, and as I can get no other satisfaction from the coward than newspaper controversy, I propose to quit by giving him one more blast, and a chance to invest some of the money, of which he boasts as "having plenty." You say for me to "pay Miss Carrie Avery $1,700 she let me have to start my puppy show." How much money have you got? I will make you a wager of $1,000 that you, nor none of your slanderous crew, can bring man, woman or child to swear, under oath, that they ever loaned me a penny. And, furthermore, I had my show, and was proprietor of the same, and owned every dollar of it, two years before I ever saw the lady in question, or knew that such a person was in existence. You speak of my show as a "puppy show." I hardly know what you mean to convey by that; although you are MEAN enough to do anything. I suppose you intend to slander my Company; it consists of 16 people, all well known, in and out of the profession, as LADIES and GENTLEMEN, and THEY mind their own business—you don't though. I have also an educated tan terrier, "FANNY," the best in the world, for which I have been offered $1,500 several times. I suppose the epithet, "puppy show," you intend for the dog. It's an even bet that she's got more natural intelligence than you, Mr. L. In my last I offered to pay your expenses to any of the places named in the Clipper, in order for you to SAVE your money. You are not on hand. In your reply, you say, "I have a couple of Arkansas toothpicks. We go in a big or little room, as I'm a big coward,—I may run." You ARE a noted COWARD, and I CAN make you run. As to your "toothpicks," I am no novice in the use of a ten inch blade. You are a black-hearted coward and I dare you to your "toothpick" argument; and to prove that you are not a coward, call and see the Quincuplexal at Galesburg, Ill., March 19th and 20th, and it shan't cost you a "bit" for "transportation or forage." So good bye, you sausage cover, until I find out your right name.

CHARLEY SHAY,
48 1t* Manager Quincuplexal Troupe.

**SAUL SERTREW, the Popular SONG WRITER,**
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**WILLIE WARE would inform Managers and the**
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EDWIN BOOTH, } ..... { Lessees.
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Ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged talent desiring engagements for the season commencing AUGUST 1, 1866, are requested to make application by letter, stating business, terms, etc., to the undersigned. All unanswered letters may be considered as a negative.
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All traveling companies without funds, and female financiers, need not apply. Address
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The above Theatre opened on the 26th of Feb., with an efficient dramatic company,
MISS EMILIE MELVILLE,
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Stars will find it to their advantage to secure nights.
Wanted, one good first old man.
Also, people for other lines of business wanted at all times.
Address all letters to
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Under the management of
J. C. MYERS,
Will be at Syracuse from Feb. 26th to March 19th; Oswego, from 19th to 25th; Utica, 26th to 8th; return to Syracuse, 9th to 22d; Binghamton, 23d to 29th; Elmira, 30th to 6th; Erie, 7th to 13th; Cleveland, 14th to 17th; Toledo, 17th to 26th.
Parties desiring to lease the Royal Lyceum, can address as above, or to JAMES FRENCH, Toronto, C. W. 48-1t

**M'LLE FORRESTELLE,**
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Wishes to travel with some responsible Circus Company this season. She also performs the Davenport feat of
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N. B.—I can recommend Forrestelle as being a first class Contortionist, and a good general performer, and I think will prove a very attractive card for a manager. [48-1t] GEO. LEA.

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who can play the melodeon and sing ballads, to assist in Humorous Entertainments now being given by a celebrated Lecturer and Vocalist in the interior towns of Pennsylvania. The melodeon will be found him; and to a person desirous of traveling, the situation will be permanent. Address "B. ALEXANDER," Post Office, Station A, Spring st., N. Y. 48 1t*

**JOHN DICKSON,**
The Working Agent, is at liberty to negotiate with Managers of first class companies.

## LIFE FOR LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JACK PERCY.

Twilight was fast fading into darkness on a summer evening in the year 1850, as a young girl, plainly but handsomely dressed, was walking through one of the streets in the city of New Orleans. As she moved along she looked uneasily from side to side, as if in expectation of meeting some one, and every few moments she would consult a little watch, which she drew from a pocket in her dress. Suddenly her look brightened into a smile, as a young man turned a corner and came rapidly towards her, and a looker on would surmise, from the greetings that passed between the pair, that they were lovers.

"You are very late this evening, Charlie," said the girl; "I had nearly given up all hope of seeing you. You are nearly an hour later than usual."

"You must excuse me, Carrie," replied Charlie; "I was detained by my father, who forced me into a new discussion of the old, and, to me, hateful subject of my marriage with Esther Davis."

"Again!" exclaimed the girl, with a heavy sigh. "I hope, Charlie, that no angry words passed between you and your father."

"I am afraid there did, little one. I am very much like my father in temperament, and he spoke hotly, and I replied in the same manner. He told me that I should marry Esther Davis in a month or he would discard me, and I replied that I would not marry her. Then he flew into a terrible passion, and said that I had formed an attachment for some girl beneath my station. I answered that I loved you, that you had consented to become my wife, and that I would marry you in spite of all the world. He lost all control over himself at this, and inveighed against your brother Dick, calling him gambler and other epithets; on hearing which I rushed from the house and never will return. Don't cry, darling. The worst is past. I have taken a decided step now, and nothing remains to prevent our union, for I have the small fortune which was left me by my uncle, and it is sufficient to enable us to live together comfortably. If Dick was here now all would be well."

"Poor Dick," murmured Carrie, "I wish he was a better man."

"Better!" exclaimed Charlie, "there is nothing bad about Dick. It is true that he throws away money very recklessly, and gambles a little, but always plays fairly. He is a little too wild, perhaps, but there is nothing evil in his nature. Those duels that have given him so much notoriety, were always forced upon him. I do not believe he ever deliberately sought a quarrel with any one. Is he still in New York?"

"I don't know," replied Carrie. "When he left here two months ago, he promised me he would write to me regularly. I received one letter from him, dated the day he arrived in New York, in which he informed me that he would write again as soon as he had become settled down. I have not heard from him since, although I have sent him three letters."

"His letters may have miscarried," said the young man.

"I am afraid he is sick, and unable to write," said Carrie. "I shall write again——" The girl stopped short in her speech as she heard a loud harsh voice, saying,

"What are you doing with that gal, Charlie Fowler? "I've marked her for myself."

Fowler turned quickly and confronted a tall, square-shouldered man, with a fiery red face and coarse features.

"Do you know what you are saying, Sharpshott? or are you drunk and crazy?" said he at last.

"No, I'm neither drunk nor crazy," rejoined the large man, "and I mean just what I say. What business has a milk and water boy like you with a handsome gal like that? If your father knew you kept company with the sister of a gambler and thief—"

"Dick Sinclair is no thief," cried Fowler, struggling to free himself from the grasp Carrie had upon his arm.

"I say he is," retorted Sharpshott.

"You lie!" cried Fowler, breaking from Carrie, and striking Sharpshott a blow in the face, which stretched him on the ground. In a second Sharpshott regained his feet, and drawing a long knife, dashed furiously at Fowler. Carrie Sinclair threw herself between the two men, to shield her lover, but she was dashed out of the way like a puppet by the infuriated Sharpshott, who instantly closed with his antagonist. The struggle was of short duration, for Fowler was weaponless, and overmatched in every way by his opponent. Sharpshott soon broke the hold which Fowler had fastened upon his wrist, in the endeavor to free himself, and then plunged his knife into the heart of his victim. A crowd was attracted by the shrieks of Carrie Sinclair, and Sharpshott was taken into custody by an officer, while the body of Charlie Fowler was conveyed to his father's residence. An inquest was held on the following day, and as Sharpshott was possessed of great wealth and influence, and it appearing that Fowler had struck the first blow, the jury returned a verdict of "justifiable homicide."

About ten days after the occurrences above narrated, a young man was lying on a sofa in a handsomely furnished apartment in one of the principal hotels in the City of New York. He was a slightly built, handsomely proportioned young man, with very regular features, dark hair and jet black eyes, and wore a drooping black moustache. His face was very pale and thin, and looked as if its owner was just recovering from a severe illness. He picked up a newspaper, and was just becoming interested in its contents, when a servant entered the room, saying:—

"A letter for you, Mr. Sinclair"

"An! give it me!" said the man on the sofa.

Then glancing at the direction, he said: 'From Carrie. Poor little thing, she must be terribly worried about me not having heard from me in so long a time. The letter I wrote her last week, apprising her of my sickness and partial recovery, cannot have reached her yet. I wonder what she has to say to me." He tore open the letter, and read but one or two lines, when his face became ghastly in its expression, the paper shook violently in his hands, and he cried: "Good God, what is this? Then he read on, as if under the influence of some horrible spell, his hands trembling with excitement. At last he concluded reading the letter, sprang to his feet, and began pacing up and down the room.

"Charlie Fowler murdered by that scoundrel, Sharpshott," he said to himself in a low, terrible tone; "and for resenting an insult offered to my sister. Good Heavens! what will become of her now? She has no one to look to for protection but myself. I, who have been a curse to all connected with me; a drunkard, gambler, everything that is bad, and I am her protector." He sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands for a moment; then he sprang up, his eyes blazing with light, and his lip trembling with emotion "I'll change all that," he cried: "I will yet make those who now look down upon me and despise me for my past actions, respect me for my future ones, and Sharpshott—I'll make that scoundrel curse the hour he used his knife upon poor Charlie Fowler. I'll have him learn that Dick Sinclair can seek a quarrel as well as defend himself when one is forced upon him." He rang the bell sharply, and a servant appeared.

"Is there a steamer for New Orleans to-morrow?" asked Sinclair.

"Yes, sir."

"I shall leave then. Tell the clerk to have my bill ready in the morning."

A week or ten days after Sinclair received the letter from his sister which caused his sudden departure from New York. A group of half a dozen men were clustered together on one side of the bar room in the St. Charles Hotel, in New Orleans. Among the party was Sharpshott and another man cast in the same gigantic mould, who was known as Tom Twichell. Twichell had black hair, streaked with grey, a dark complexion, large, coarse features, and light blue eyes. He wore short side whiskers, and the lower part of his face looked as if it had not been shaved for a week. He wore a round-crowned Emetian hat and the rest of his apparel was of a decidedly English appearance. He was about half intoxicated, and spoke very thickly, with a strong Irish accent, and had a great partiality for the word "magnificent." Another of the party was a short, hunch-backed man, dressed in a suit of black, which fitted him like his skin. His pants were very short, and exposed a considerable portion of a very dirty pair of stockings to view. The upper portion of his body was of colossal proportions, while from the thighs downward his legs dwindled in size until they became mere spindles. He had long brown hair, and a heavy beard that entirely concealed his shirt bosom, and which he was continually pulling and twisting when engaged in conversation. His speech was always preceded by a low, grumbling sound, and his words came out with an effort, just as though they had been pumped up from his stomach one by one, and very often he would stop short in the middle of a remark, and then it seemed as through the suction of the pump had ceased, and the word had fallen back into his stomach. "I knew of a better instance than the one you have given, Mr. Wrythe," said Twichell, turning toward the hunchback with an air of superiority.

"Go on, Twichell; let's have it," said Sharpshott.

"Well, sirs; it's just as if you, and I, and A, B, and C were to——"

"Don't commence in that way, for Heaven's sake!" said Wrythe. "When you begin in that manner, you—" The suction ceased, and the word fell half way down; but Wrythe, with a tremendous effort pumped it up again. "Take about an hour to tell a story."

"Well, then, gentlemen," said Twichell, in a very loud tone, which he intended to be impressive, and looking straight at Wrythe, who was twisting his beard into a rope, "about ten years ago I was requested, by an acquaintance of mine, to act as his friend in a little affair he had on hand. Of course I was willin' to oblige him, and I waited on his adversary, who was an officer that had served under the Juke of Wellington in the Peninshular war. By-the-by, gentlemen, what a fine officer—"

"Come back to your story," said Wrythe, giving his beard a furious tug.

"Excuse me," said Twichell. "The little matther was soon arranged, and they met the next morning at a magnificent spot just outside Carlebar, and it fell to me to give the word. It was a magnificent morning, and we took up our positions just as if you, and I, and A, B, and C were to—"

"Come back," said a man named Murray, who was standing by.

"Excuse me. The friend and myself had it arranged that it was my look to give the word. I should call out one and two very slowly, and be very quick with the three. Well, as I was saying, we took up our positions, and I called off one and two slowly enough, but the three came out mighty sudden. I can tell you. My friend was prepared, as a matter of course, and fired on the instant, and his ballet pierced the brain of his opponent before he had time to draw the trigger of his pistol. It was magnificently done."

"It was a cowardly trick," said a deep voice behind Twichell's chair.

"Dick Sinclair!" exclaimed Wrythe and one or two others, in astonishment.

"Excuse me, sir," said Twichell. "Was that remark intended for me?"

"Almost as cowardly," went on Dick, without heeding Twichell, "as to attack and kill an unarmed man in presence of a lady."

All eyes were instantly turned on Sharpshott, who moved uneasily on his chair, without uttering a word.

"I see, gentlemen, that you understand me," said Dick, quietly; "and your friend Sharpshott seems be to so paralyzed by fear that he has lost his speech. He was brave enough when an unarmed man was opposed to him."

"Curse you, Dick Sinclair. Do you think I fear such a thing as you are?" roared Sharpshott. "You have had a big name in New Orleans from your fights, but it will take more than you to frighten Clifton Sharpshott."

"Indeed! I suppose you can guess, by this time," sneered Dick, "that I came here expressly to quarrel with you, and I have not the slightest intention of leaving until you have promised to meet me——"

"Damn you," yelled Sharpshott. "I'll——"

He was too infuriated to say more, but drew his knife and sprang toward Sinclair, who coolly drew a revolver, and presenting it at Sharpshott's head, said, very quietly—

"I don't desire to fight you in a bar-room"

At sight of the pistol, Sharpshott stopped short, and then roared out—

"Well, have it your own way. Here, Twichell, you act for me."

"Mr. Murray, will you have the kindness to act as my second?" said Sinclair.

"With pleasure," replied the person addressed.

"I may be able to count him out, the same as I did the other one," said Twichell to Sharpshott, in a low tone.

"No, no," said the latter, hurriedly. "He's a crack shot with the pistol, while I am but an indifferent one. As the challenged party, I have the choice of weapons, and it must take place with knives."

"Ugh!" exclaimed Twichell. "These are not gentlemen's weapons."

"Never mind what they are," resumed Sharpshott. "I'll fight with none others."

"Very well, then. Here, Murray," said Twichell, and the two seconds conferred apart for a few moments, and then announced to their principals that the duel should take place with knives, at daybreak on the following morning, at a spot about three miles from the city.

Dick Sinclair went home to his sister, and informed her that it was his desire that she should prepare to sail in the steamer which left for New York on the next day but one, but he never breathed a word to her in regard to his expected meeting with Sharpshott, well knowing that, if he did so, she would attempt to dissuade him from his purpose.

At daybreak on the following morning, two carriages arrived at the place which had been agreed upon by Murray and Twichell, and after a few preliminaries had been settled, Sharpshott and Sinclair faced each other, weapon in hand. They were both in their shirt sleeves, and were as different in their physical appearance as two men could possibly be. Sharpshott, powerful in sinew and limb, towered over Sinclair like a giant, and looked able to crush him in an instant. For a few moments they stood motionless, each waiting for the other to commence the attack. Then they commenced moving in a circle, each watching for an opening in the other's guard. There was a thrust and a parry, and they sprang apart and watched each other as before. Suddenly Sharpshott darted forward and made a furious lunge at Sinclair's side. The latter attempted to parry the thrust, but only partially succeeded, for the point of the knife struck one of his ribs and glancing downward inflicted a terrible gash. Maddened by the pain, Sinclair seized Sharpshott's wrist before he could draw back, and struck savagely at him with his knife; but Sharpshott, skilled in these encounters, seized Sinclair's wrist in turn, and the two men stood facing each other, each struggling to free himself from the other's grasp, and glaring on each other like a pair of demons. Sharpshott's tremendous strength soon began to tell in the contest, for, in his best day, Dick had not possessed more than one half the power of his opponent, and now, enfeebled by his late sickness and the loss of blood from his wound he was almost like an infant in Sharpshott's hands. Sharpshott bore Sinclair steadily backward, and at last, exerting his great strength, he hurled him to the ground, and then stooping forward, raised his knife to strike the finishing blow, when Dick, with one last effort, raised himself on one hand, and struck upward with the quickness of light. There was a loud scream of agony, and the next instant Sinclair was almost crushed beneath the weight of his antagonist's body. The seconds rushed forward, raised Sharpshott, and turned him on his back.

"He's dead," said Murray, after examing the body for a moment.

"Faith he is," said Twichell, coolly. "His heart must be cut in two. It was a magnificent thrust."

Murray helped Twichell to remove Sharpshott's body to one of the carriages, and told him that it was Dick Sinclair's intention to leave for New York on the following day, and requested him to keep Sharpshott's death a secret for a day or two. Twichell promised to do so, and then the carriage was driven towards the city, and Murray returned to Sinclair, who had fainted from the pain of his wound. Sinclair was soon restored to consciousness by the efforts of his friend, who dressed the wound, remarking, as he did so, "it's only a flesh wound, my boy. It is very painful, but not dangerous. "You'll be yourself again in less than a month."

"I hope so," said Dick, faintly, as he suffered his friend to lead him to the carriage. On arriving at the city they stopped at the house of an eminent surgeon, who confirmed Murray's opinion of the wound, and informed Dick that it would be safe for him to sail for New York on the following day, because he would have the benefit of the services of an experienced surgeon while on board the vessel.

On the following day Dick sailed for New York, where he arrived in due time, and owing to the attention of his sister, and the skill of the doctors, he had almost entirely recovered from his wound at the expiration of six weeks. Twitchell was true to his word, and did not divulge the secret of Sharpshott's death until after Dick had left New Orleans. The news did not create much of a sensation, for duels were of very common occurrence in that city, and Sharpshott had never been liked by any one.

Sinclair is now a junior partner in a large mercantile house in New York, is married, and has several children; but his sister, Carrie, still remains true to the memory of poor Charlie Fowler.

## REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF GREAT MEN.

Some years ago a young man holding a subordinate position in the East India Company's service, twice attempted to deprive himself of life by snapping a loaded pistol at his head. Each time the pistol missed fire. A friend entering his room shortly afterward, he requested him to fire it out of the window; it then went off without any difficulty. Satisfied thus that the weapon had been duly primed and loaded, the young man sprang up, exclaiming, "I must be reserved for something great!" and from that moment gave up the idea of suicide which for some time previous had been uppermost in his thoughts. That young man afterward became Lord Clive

Two brothers were on one occasion walking together when a violent storm of thunder and lightning overtook them. One was struck dead on the spot, the other was spared; else would the name of the great reformer, Martin Luther, have been unknown to mankind.

The holy St. Augustine, having to preach at a distant town, took with him a guide, who by some unaccountable means mistook the usual road and fell into a by-path. He afterward discovered that his enemies, having heard of his movements, had placed themselves in the proper road with the design of murdering him.

Bacon, the sculptor, when a tender boy of five years old, fell into the pit of a soap boiler, and must have perished, had not a workman, just entering the yard, observed the top of his head, and delivered him.

When Oliver Cromwell was an infant, a monkey snatched him from his cradle, leaped with him through a garret window, and ran along the leads of the house. The utmost alarm was excited among the inmates, and various were the devices used to rescue the child from the guardianship of his newly-found protector. All were unavailing, his would-be rescuers had lost courage, and were in despair of ever seeing the baby alive again, when the monkey quietly retraced its steps and deposited its burden safely on the bed. On a subsequent occasion the waters had well nigh quenched his insatiable ambition. He fell into a deep pond, from drowning in which a clergyman named Johnson was the sole instrument of his rescue.

At the siege of Leicester a young soldier, about seventeen years of age, was drawn out for sentry duty. One of his comrades was very anxious to take his place. No objection was made, and this man went. He was shot dead while on guard. The young man first drawn afterward became the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

Doddridge, when born, was so weakly an infant it was believed to be dead. A nurse standing by fancied she saw some signs of vitality. Thus the feeble spark of life was saved from being extinguished, and an eminent author and consistent Christian preserved to the world.

John Wesley, when a child, was only just preserved from fire. Almost the moment after he was rescued the roof of the house where he had been fell in. Of Philip Henry a similar instance is recorded.

John Knox, the renowned Scotch reformer, was always wont to sit at the head of the table with his back to the window. On one particular evening, without, however, being able to account for it, he would neither himself sit in the chair nor permit any one else to occupy his place. That very night a bullet was shot in at the window, purposely to kill him; it grazed the chair in which he sat, and made a hole in the foot of a candlestick on the table.

Many years have now elapsed since three subalterns might have been seen struggling in the water off St. Helena; one of them, peculiarly helpless, was fast succumbing. He was saved, to live as Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

The life of John Newton is but the history of a series of marvellous deliverances. As a youth he had agreed to accompany some friends on board of a man-of-war. He arrived too late; the boat in which his friends had gone was capsized, and all its occupants drowned. On another occasion, when tide surveyor in the port of Liverpool, some business had detained him, so that he came to his boat much later than usual, to the great surprise of those who were in the habit of observing his then unobtrusive punctuality. He went out in the boat as heretofore to inspect a ship, which blew up before he reached her. Had he left the shore a few minutes sooner, he must have perished with the rest on board.

## THE SCALE OF INTOXICATION.

Sobriety.—The sober moments which immediately succeed to dinner, are the most miserable in existence. The langor, the sense of utter inefficiency, mental and bodily, are dreadful. After a few glasses you ascend the first step of the pyramid, and become comfortable—in this state you are not much disposed to talk. There is a tranquil luxury in your feelings, and a reverie comes on. Drink on, and you step up to *Steady*. Now you begin to talk, and your remarks are smart and pertinent. You may be considered as a mental aurora, announcing that the sun of intoxication is about to rise from the "purple wave."

Flash.—There is more fire and color in your countenance now that the sun has risen. You grow more eloquent and more highly colored. Your eloquence is impassioned; you suit the action to the word; ideas not quite coherent, but language still tolerably distinct.

Tipsy.—Now on the top of the pyramid you begin to grow giddy. Gestures very vehement, and epithets exaggerative. Argumentative, but not rational.

Very Tipsy.—You find out that you have a rare fund of music, and regale your friends with a song. Prone as a peacock, strong as a lion, and amorous as a dove.

Drunk.—Perversely quarrelsome, and stupidly good natured; feeling much in shake hands and knock-downs. Stammering, and feet unsteady.

Very Drunk.—Abortive efforts to appear sober; see every thing double; balance totally lost—you drift about like a ship in a hard gale; vocabulary reduced to a few interjections.

Stupidly Drunk.—Head and stomach topsy-turvy; eyes fixed and glaring; a horrid consciousness of your situation.

Dead Drunk.—An apoplectic sleep, and confused dreams of the d—l, or your creditors.

"Passing Strange."—The death of Joseph Patterson, an actor long attached to the Norwich company, was somewhat remarkable. In October, 1758, he was performing the Duke, in "Measure for Measure," which he played in a masterly style. Mr. Moody was the Claudio, and in the third act, where, as the Duke is preparing Claudio for execution next morning, at three o'clock, he says:

"——It seem thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep; a breath
Thou art—"

Here he dropped into Mr Moody's arms, and never spoke more. A similar end was that of Mr. John Palmer, of Drury Lane Theatre, on the 21 of August, 1798 while performing in the play of the "Stranger," at the Liverpool Theatre; after uttering the line,

"There is another and a better world,"

he fell on his back, heaved a convulsive sigh, and immediately expired.

## A RUSSIAN WOLF HUNT.

One of the English Embassy in Russia received a very pressing invitation from Count Potowski to visit him at his castle in the country, about twenty leagues from St. Petersburgh, where he promised some rare sport in hunting wolves.

"I think," he said, "you will find our mode of destroying these beasts sufficiently novel and exciting to repay you for your trouble."

It was toward the close of a long, dreary winter, says the writer, that I found myself in very sumptuous quarters at the castle referred to. It stood upon a high eminence, commanding an extensive view of a level, open plain, which was the beginning of a wilderness, that stretched away unbrokenly for many and many a league. It was on this open plain, now covered with a heavy incrustation of snow, that the Count promised we should have our wolf hunt, which to me did indeed prove to be novel and exciting, and even perilous beyond anything I had ever known. Armed with double-barreled guns and some five hundred ball cartridges apiece, the Count, a friend of his, and myself, set off one afternoon, in a troika (or sort of sledge,) for the place where we were to begin our exciting sport—which, premising it may be as new to others as to me, I will endeavor to describe somewhat in detail. In the first place, the troika is large enough to give ample room for three persons besides the driver, and is drawn by three horses, from which fact it takes its name. These horses, trained for the purpose, are harnessed to it all abreast. The one in the centre, the principal beast to be relied on, moves with his head down, and always in a trot, and is called the "Snow Eater;" while the two others gallop along beside him, with their heads loose, and are termed the "Furies." To manage all these properly, and keep the troika from upsetting, as it skims and dances over the frozen, glistening snow, up hill and down dale, requires a driver of great skill and experience. Ordinarily, the upsetting of this sledge may not matter so much; but when surrounded by a large pack of hungry wolves, it is certain death! In such a sledge and such a manner, we set off, one clear, cold afternoon, for the scene of our exploits, carrying with us a half-grown hog, which was to serve us for bait. We reached our first destination just as the sun was sinking in his snowy bed, and the full, round moon was rising to silver over the scene. Then the hog was taken out and attached to the troika by an iron chain, from four to six feet long, and the horses started forward at a brisk pace over the level, glistening plain. The hog began to squeal, and the Count turned to me with a laugh.

"How do you like the sport?" he said.

"I think I shall like it better when I see something to shoot, and this screeching brute gets his sharp tones a little modified!" I replied, half stopping my ears.

"You will have other noises to take off your attention presently," said the Count.

"Do you think we shall be fortunate enough to draw out any wolves in this way?" I asked.

"Give me half an hour," rejoined the Count, "and if I don't show you more wolves than you would care to face a-foot, then consider me your debtor for what you please."

After going some distance, our hog, greatly to my relief, changed his tune from his shrill, ear piercing squeal, into something resembling a mournful whine. The sun went down, and the moon rose in full splendor, pouring over the white, polished snow a brilliant light, that, by refraction, was rendered almost dazzling.

"Hark!" cried the Count, as a long, low, peculiar howl came sweeping over the plain; "did I not tell you so? There is our first answer to our complaining friend behind. And there again! do you hear?—there is another, and another!—we shall soon have work before us. See!" he almost immediately added, pointing away to the left; "there they come!"

I looked in the direction indicated, and saw, dimly in the distance, what appeared to be two or three small, moving shadows; I looked to the right, and beheld more of the same kind; and on all sides we now heard those long, dismal howls by which one wolf calls to another, and I knew they were gathering in force, and would soon be around us. Our chained hog continued his plaintive cries, and the wolves fell in behind, and pressed forward, till they came up within fifty yards, where, for a time, their timidity seemed to hold them. As their numbers increased, which they did every minute—the beasts at times appearing to spring from the earth in a mysterious way—their boldness increased also; and they gradually drew nearer and nearer, snapping, snarling, and growling, and so frightening our horses that the driver had much difficulty in holding them down to a reasonable pace.

"Now then, gentlemen," said the Count, "let us begin our sport, and heaven send us a safe deliverance from its perils!"

With this, he fired two shots at the row of fiery eyes behind us. A sharp yelp followed, and one of the animals began to limp and fall back; whereupon the others, perhaps smelling and getting a taste of his blood, sprang furiously upon him, tore him to pieces, and devoured him in almost the time it takes me to tell of it. In two minutes more the hungry beasts were pressing forward more eagerly than ever. I fired next, and brought down another, which was also torn to pieces and devoured in less than a minute; and then the furious beasts again drew nearer, and in still larger numbers. From this moment the animals increased with startling rapidity. For more than hour we loaded and fired as fast as we could, and for every one we shot, it appeared to me as if there were half-a-dozen to take its place. Emboldened by numbers and a taste of blood, they pressed up closer and closer, till we could almost reach them, the foremost bounding around and snapping at the poor hog, which was now terrified almost to death, and exerted itself to the utmost to escape from their sharp fangs. Up to this moment I had been so busily engaged, and so excited with the sport, as to give no thought to our own danger; but now, I confess, I began to feel very uneasy, not to say alarmed. Where had all these beasts come from? and what was to be the end of the gathering? It seemed as if all Russia had poured them out on the spot. There must have been a thousand—perhaps five times that number—for I could not count them. They had arranged themselves in the form of a crescent, the centre of the arc resting on the hog, and the two wings reaching forward to the rear of the horses, which snorted with fear, and required all the skill of the driver to hold them. It was a wild, impressive sight, with just enough of danger to make it sublime. The heavens were clear, the moon round and full, the plain almost a dead level, the snow as white as milk, bright and glistening, with here and there a thin, light covering, over a hard crust, that flew up in fleecy clouds, like the fine spray of a waterfall; and over this we were dashing, with three fiery horses abreast, and a black, rolling cloud of wolves to the right, left, and rear of us, in the form of a crescent, their keen eyes looking like so many little balls of fire. We were all standing up, loading and firing, the Count directly to the rear, and his friend and myself to the right and left. As I have said, I began to feel somewhat alarmed—for I saw that, should any accident happen, such as the fall of one of the horses, or the upsetting of the troika, we could scarcely hope to get off with life; but I did not like to mention my fears to persons who had had so much experience as my companions. At last, seeing that matters were steadily becoming worse instead of better, and that, great as were the numbers of our foes, they were still increasing, I ventured to say, "Count, these ravenous beasts are pressing up very close!"

"Indeed they are!" he replied, taking a quick, keen survey of the whole scene. "They are getting pretty well forward, too!" he puranued, with an anxious glance toward the horses. "I confess I don't like that. What do you say, Paul?" he added, addressing the driver.

"My lord, I find it very difficult to manage the horses."

"Do you think we are in any serious danger now, Paul?"

"I don't like to see the beasts creeping so far forward, my lord."

"Nor I, and I think we had better knock over a few of the foremost."

We now, by the Count's advice, directed our fire at the two horns of the crescent, but though we shot down the foremost with great rapidity, and continued to do so till our guns became heated, I could not perceive that it thinned them in the least, or had any good effect. It broke their regularity and threw them into some confusion, it is true; but this, so far from being an advantage to us, I fancied worked against us, by causing them to become bolder, and press up around us still closer.

"By my faith!" at length exclaimed the Count, in a tone that betrayed some degree of alarm, "we must get out of this soon, or the beasts will be upon us! I never saw so many before in my life, and I have shot until I am tired Let me see! We must have fired some three hundred times apiece; and allowing that only every other shot has been effectual, we must have brought down, say, five hundred wolves; and yet they are here, closing up around us, more numerous than ever—a countless legion! One trip, one stumble, one tilt, and we are gone! How now, Paul, my brave lad—how are you going to get us out of this?"

"By giving the horses their heads, and letting them take a steady turn to the left, so as to change the position of the whole body of pursuers at once."

"Are you sure of the animals?"

"I think I can trust them."

"And the Troika, Paul?"

"I shall do my best, trusting to heaven, my lord. I think the risk far less than riding as we are."

"Then save us at your will, Paul, and look to me for a handsome reward when you shall have put us safe within the castle gates!"

The next few minutes were exciting beyond anything I had ever experienced in my life. The driver shook the reins, gave a peculiar chirp and whistle, and our noble steeds, as anxious to escape as ourselves, sped away like the wind. I fairly held my breath, feeling that a crisis had come involving life and death. Away, away we flew, the keen air cutting our faces, the light snow blinding our eyes, and the little troika bounding over the glistening surface like a gallant boat on the foam-crested billows. I watched the dark rolling cloud of living animals, with lolling tongues and eyes of fire, and saw, with a feeling of joy that I cannot express, that they were slowly but perceptibly falling behind; that we were gaining on them—inch by inch, it was true—but still gaining on them. If the noble horses could but hold out at this speed, and no accident should befall us! We were all breathless with intensity of feeling—the single chirp or sharp whistle of our driver being the only human sounds that issued from our party. Gradually the horses began to turn, slowly turn, in a broad circle to the left, so as to flank that horn of the crescent. As we came gracefully round, so as in a measure to face our snarling pursuers, surprise and fear for a moment threw them into confusion. Impulsively they parted, and suffered us to pass through their dense ranks and gain a homeward start, before getting a clear comprehension that we were actually escaping and leaving them behind. Then, with loud, angry yells, they laid down to the chase, but were no match for our fleet coursers, that every moment widened the space between them and their foes. Oh, how I loved the noble brutes that were so gallantly saving us!

"Bravo!" at length burst in a yell from the excited Count; "brave, my noble steeds, and bravo, gallant driver!—this night's work shall be remembered to you all!"

His words of rejoicing were instantly changed to a cry of dismay, as one of the horses stumbled, pitched forward, and came down upon his knees, checking up his companions and almost hurling us upon their backs. The noble brute as if he knew that death to all of us was threatened through him, made a tremendous struggle to regain his footing and pace; and with success, thank heaven! or this tale had never been told. In another half hour the ravenous wolves were far behind us, and an hour saw us safe within the castle gates, uttering prayers of thanksgiving. The next day we rode out upon the snowy plain and found it strewn for miles with the bones of the wolves we had slain on that ever memorable night!

Delight of Fox Hunting.—On the last day of the season, and during a sharp run of three hours, Mr. ——, one of the oldest of the bold hunters, on clearing a small fence, found himself at the bottom of a sandpit nearly twenty feet deep, and whilst crawling into a small excavation to prevent further danger, down came Lord —— nearly upon him, and who exclaimed "Damn it, Jack, why didn't young sing out?" "Hush!" replied Jack "if you will be quiet for five minutes, they will all be down on us."

## GAMBLING IN AULD LANG SYNE.

The Britishers a century ago were inveterate gamblers, and at the club or coffee houses, which was then only another name for gambling houses, used to congregate very many not unknown to fame. Arthur's and White's, originally coffee-houses, became famous as clubs about the middle of the eighteenth century. Boodle's was founded about 1773, and Brookes' in 1778. All were great gaming places, and famous as the resort of Fox and Sheridan, Selwyn, Garrick and others of that time. There was heavier gambling at White's than at Brookes'. "At White's, the least difference of opinion invariably ended in a bet, and a book for entering the particulars of all bets was always laid upon the table; one of these, with entries of a date as early as 1744, had been preserved. A book for entering bets is still laid on the table. In these betting books are to be found bets on births, deaths and marriages; the length of a life, or the duration of a ministry; the placeman's prospect of a coronet; on the shock of an earthquake; or the last scandal at Ranelagh, or Madame Cornelys'. A man dropped down at the door of White's; he was carried into the house. Was he dead or not? The odds were immediately given and taken for and against. It was proposed to bleed him. Those who had taken the odds the man was dead, protested that the use of a lancet would affect the fairness of the bet. Walpole gives some of these narratives as good stories 'made on White's.' A parson coming into the club on the morning of the earthquake of 1750, and hearing bets laid whether the shock was caused by an earthquake or the blowing up of powder mills, went away in horror, protesting they were such an impious set, that he believed if the last trump were to sound they would bet puppet show against Judgment. Gilly Williams writes to Selwyn, 1864—'Lord Digby is very soon to be married to Miss Fielding.' Thousands might have been won in this house (White's), on his lordship not knowing that such a being existed. 'The marriage of a young lady of rank would occasion a bet of a hundred guineas, that she would give birth to a live child before the Countess of ——, who had been married three or even more months before her. Heavy bets were pending that Arthur, who was then a widower, would be married before a member of the club of about the same age, and also a widower; and that Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, would outlive the old Duchess of Cleveland.' 'One of the youth at White's,' writes Walpole to Mann, July 10, 1744, 'has committed a murder, and intends to repeat it. He betted £1,500 that a man could live twelve hours under water; hired a desperate fellow, sunk him in a ship, by way of experiment, and both ship and man have not appeared since. Another man and ship are to be tried for their lives, instead of Mr. Blake, the assassin.'"

As illustrative of what a club or coffee house was a half a century later, we give the following, by one who wrote from experience: "I am lodged," said the tourist, "in the street called Pall Mall, the ordinary residence of all strangers, because of its vicinity to the Queen's Palace, the Park, the Parliament House, the theatres, and the chocolate and coffee-houses, where the best company frequent. If you would know our manner of living, 'tis thus: we rise by nine, and those that frequent great men's levees find entertainment at them until eleven, or, as in Holland, go to tea-tables; about twelve the *beau monde* assemble in several coffee or chocolate houses; the best of which are the Cocoa Tree and White's chocolate houses, St. James's, the Smyrna, Mrs. Rochford's and the British coffee-houses; and all these so near one another that in less than an hour you see the company of them all. We are carried to these places in chairs (or sedans), which are here very cheap, a guinea a week, or a shilling per hour, and your chairmen serve you for porters to run on errands, as your gondoliers do at Venice. If it be fine weather, we take a turn into the Park till two, when we go to dinner; and if it be dirty, you are entertained at piquet or basset at White's, or you may talk politics at the Smyrna or St. James'. I must not forget to tell you that the parties have their different places, where, however, a stranger is always well received; but a whig will no more go to the Cocoa-tree or Ozinda's, than a tory will be seen at the coffee-house, St. James'. The Scots go generally to the British, and a mixture of all sorts to the Smyrna. There are other little coffee-houses much frequented in this neighborhood—Young Man's for officers, Old Man's for stock-jobbers, paymasters and courtiers, and Little Man's for sharpers. I never was so confounded in my life as when I entered into this last: I saw two or three tables full at faro, heard the box and dice rattling in the room above stairs, and was surrounded by a set of sharp faces, that I was afraid would have devoured me with their eyes. I was glad to drop two or three half-crowns at faro to get off with a clear skin, and was overjoyed I so got rid of them. At two, we generally go to dinner: ordinaries are not so common here as abroad, yet the French have set up two or three good ones for the convenience of foreigners in Suffolk street where one is tolerably well served; but the general way here is to make a party at the coffee house to go to dine at the tavern, where we sit till six, when we go to the play; except you are invited to the table of some great man, which strangers are always courted to, and nobly entertained."

London has also boasted of a class of gambling houses of a lower order than the above, which a writer of a later date calls "The Hells of London," and in an article published in a paper as long ago as 1833 thus describes them:—"On an average during the last twenty years, about thirty hells have been regularly open in London, for the accommodation of the lowest and most vile set of hazard players. The game of hazard is the principal one played at the low houses, and is like the characters who play it, the most desperate and ruinous of all games. The wretched men who to low this play are partial to it, because it gives a chance, from a run of good luck, to become possessed speedily of all the money on the table; no man who plays hazard ever despairs of making his fortune at some time. Such is the nature of this destructive game, that I can now point out several men, whom you see daily, who were in rags and wretchedness on Monday, and before the termination of the week they ride in a newly purchased Stanhope of their own, having several thousands of pounds in their possession. The few instances of such successes which unfortunately occur, are generally well known, and consequently encourage the hopes of others who nightly attend these places, sacrificing all considerations of life to the carrying (if it be only a few shillings) their all every twenty-four hours to stake in this great lottery, under the delusive hope of catching dame Fortune at some time in a merry mood. Thousands annually fall, in health, fame, and fortune, by this maddening infatuation, whilst not one in a thousand finds an oasis in the desert. The generality of the minor gambling houses are kept by low publicans, and other desperate characters, who bully and hector the more timid out of their money by deciding that bets have been lost, when in fact they have been won. Bread, cheese, and beer is supplied to the players, and a glass of gin is handed, when called for, gratis. To these places thieves resort, and such other loose characters as are lost to every feeling of honesty and shame: a table of this nature in full operation is a terrific sight; all the bad passions appertaining to the vicious propensities of mankind are portrayed on their countenances. An assembly of the most horrible demons could not exhibit a more appalling effect; recklessness and desperation overshadow every noble trait which should enlighten the countenance of a human being. Many, in their desperation strip themselves on the spot of their clothes, either to stake against money, or to pledge to the table keeper for a trifle to renew their play; and many instances occur of men going home half naked, after having lost their all. They assemble in parties of from forty to fifty persons, who probably bring on an average of from one to twenty shillings to play with. As the money is lost the players depart, if they cannot borrow or beg more; and this goes on sometimes in the winter season for fourteen or sixteen hours in succession, so that from one hundred to one hundred and forty persons may be calculated to visit one gaming table in the course of the night; and it not unfrequently happens that, ultimately, all the money that is brought to the table gets into the hands of one or two of the most fortunate adventurers, save that which is paid to the table for box hands, whilst the losers separate only to devise plans by which a few more shillings may be procured for the next night's play. Every man so engaged is destined either to become by success a more finished and mischievous gambler, or to appear at the bar of the Old Bailey, where, indeed, most of them may be said to have figured already. The successful players by degrees improve their external appearance, and obtain admittance into houses of higher play, where 2s. 6d. or 3s. 6d. is demanded for the box-hands. At these places, silver counters are used, representing the aliquot parts of a pound; these are called pieces, one of which is a box and. If success attends them in the first step of advancement, they next become initiated into crown houses, and associate with gamblers of respectable exterior; where, if they show talents, they either become confederates in forming schemes of plunder, and in aiding establishments to carry on their concerns in defiance of the law, or fall back to their own station of playing *chicken-hazard*, as the small play is designated. Capital offences result from this horrible system. A respectable tradesman, possessing some property, who resided in Oxford street, was, in the winter season, accustomed to attend a whist club held at a public house in the vicinity of his own residence. He was remarkably characterized for steadiness of conduct and regular habits, and was never known at one time to venture more than half a crown at any game of chance previous to the period of which I am about to speak, at which time he was fifty years of age. By some means, a fellow named H——k, an emissary of a *rouge et noir* house in Bury street, obtained an introduction to the whist club; and one evening, as he and his dupe was leaving the house, he said—'I am going out of curiosity to witness the game of *rouge et noir*, never having seen it. Will you go with me? We need not play." In an ill-fated hour, the tradesman assented, as he subs

## SPORTS ABROAD.

MERRY MILL.—On Feb. 10th, the admirers of the good old-fashioned mode of deciding a grievance by a passage-at-arms were gratified in an encounter between Larry Burn, a knight of St. Crispin, and Michael Donahoe, both of Macclesfield, Eng., but owing their descent to the Emerald Isle. The affair arose out of a continued argument as to which was "best at the game," and a small amount was staked on each side. The meet was a quiet, cosy spot on the Macclesfield and Buxton Old Road, and known by the name of "the Washfold." The blues were *non est* during the battle. On the lads "peeling," there were plenty of offers to back Burn 5 to 4, but little speculation took place. The men were well seconded. On facing each other, it was manifestly evident that Donahoe had to contend against superiority in height and weight, notwithstanding which, however, a game encounter was witnessed. Burn obtained first blood from a right-hander on Donahoe's mouth. The affair lasted one hour and forty minutes, during which forty-eight rounds were pluckily contested, when Donahoe, who had adopted the dropping system, was declared the winner, in consequence, as was alleged, of Burn hitting him whilst on one knee, but we have since learned that the stakes have been drawn, and that a new match is talked about. Although only a minor contest, each of the lads fought with a will and determination worthy of a large stake, and altogether it was a slashing give-and-take battle until the "dropping" business was commenced, which tactics evidently brought the match to a somewhat sudden termination. Burn came off almost scatheless, while Donahoe was much punished about the head and facial region.

SCULLING MATCH FOR £50.

The scullers' race between James Gillender, of Gateshead, and George Carr, of Dent's Hole, Eng., for a stake of £50 a side, took place on the Tyne on Feb. 12th, the course being from the High Level Bridge to a boat moored opposite Waterson's Gates, a distance of one mile. The race in aquatic circles was anticipated with unusual interest. The men are in their twenty-first year; and they have previously rowed an equal number of times, shared an equal amount of success, and in other respects showed evidence of a similarity in their future careers. Gillender is a fine, well-built fellow, and has gained the respect of all with whom he has come in contact. He stands 5ft. 7¼in., and on Monday weighed 10st 2lb. He has appeared thrice before the public, and in his maiden attempt succeeded in beating Winship, of Derwenthaugh, in a race of two miles, for £50. Winship and he came together again for a similar stake, which resulted in Gillender being beaten somewhat easily. On the 29th of April last he tried Wakefield from the High Level to Scotswood Suspension Bridge, for £50, and was defeated; but since that time he has appeared in club matches with fair success, beating Wakefield in June for the President's Plate of the Northern Rowing Club. Carr has just turned twenty-one, stands 5ft. 7in., and on the morning of the race weighed 11st. He has figured thrice in sculling matches, and in the only two worthy of record—viz., one of two miles with R. Gibson, St. Anthony's, and one or two miles with Maifin—he succeeded in winning easily on both occasions. His appearance in a few handicap competitions was also attended with a share of success. In the latter part of the year just closed, the friends of the men had a conference, and the present match was made. Mr. J. Blenkinsopp was appointed referee, and Mr. D. Murray as judge, at the finish. At 1 o'clock they rowed down to the High Level, and commenced preparations for the start. The condition of the river for the event could not have been more favorable. The water, in the absence of any wind to speak of, had become almost as smooth as glass, and the sun shone out brilliantly. Carr won the toss for choice of sides, and went over to the north. The men had no sooner gone into their places than they got away, and the start was certainly an excellent one. Half a dozen strokes, however, showed Gillender in front, and opposite the Mansion House he was nearly half a length ahead. Carr now mended his pace a little, and the pair rowed in the positions they held at the Mansion House until passing Davidson's Mill, when Gillender again shot away, and at the Skinner's Burn he showed a clear length in front. The cheering of the Gatesiders was now vociferous, but it had barely subsided when Carr laid himself out and began to pick up. It was to no material extent, however, and after rowing rather tamely to the Grindstone Quay, Gillender took his opponent's water. Up the Quay the men rowed faster, and as they had come into closer quarters, a foul was feared. At the top of the New Quay, Carr was observed to turn the nose of his boat, though very slightly, as if he intended going on to the outside. Gillender observing this, adopted a precisely similar movement, and Carr putting on a splendid spurt just at this moment, came upon Gillender's stern. Both men stopped rowing, and put in a claim to the race, but the referee immediately decided in favor of Carr. The men, unaware of the decision, renewed the race, and Carr being the first to settle down to his work, instantly appeared with a lead of half a length. Gillender lay behind to this extent for forty or fifty yards, when he made a beautiful spurt, and passed his man in a few strokes. From this point in the race Gillender kept ahead, increasing his lead in splendid style, and finished four clear lengths in advance. The stakes, however, were due to Carr, who subsequently received them. R. Cooper trained Gillender, and R. Chambers Carr.

A FOOT BALL MATCH of more than ordinary importance was played on Feb 8, at Brighton, Eng., between the counties of Kent and Sussex, supposed to be the first match ever played at this game between county and county. The sides were composed as follows:—Sussex: Messrs. T. S Baker, H. C. Blaker (Capt.), W. C. Bisker, J. G. Chandor, H. D'Alquen, E. N. Foster, C. R. Gurney, J. H. R. Kirby, J. F. A. Leigh A. M. Mills, C. Templeton, T. Ward, A. H. Weekes, and H. B. Woods. Kent: Messrs. F. M. Campbell, L. A. Campbell, E. L. Dunn, C. Fryer, A. Harvey, D. Lyall, J. F. Patterson (Capt.), W. C. Scott, C. J. Scott, W. Smith, J. V. Walmsley, Muggeridge, and Millward. The weather was most unfavorable, the wind being boisterous and the rain heavy, the latter making the ground very slippery. Still, some science was shown on both sides. Kent won the toss, and kicked with the wind up the hill. Forty minutes' play took place with varied success, when the time keeper called a change of sides, and Kent soon ran a rouge. It was cleverly done, and, at 25 yards' kick, a goal was obtained. The play continued until 5:15, when time was called, Kent proving victorious by one goal to Sussex none. The goal was admirably kicked by Mr. Paterson, there being no dispute as to its going direct over the prescribed limits. The honor of making this match, is due to Fred. Lilywhite, whose efforts were seconded by Mr. Leigh, Captain of the Brighton Club.

JONATHAN'S HUNTING EXCURSION.—"Did you ever hear of the escape that I and Uncle Zekiel had a duckin on Connecticut river?" asked Jonathan Timbertoes, while amusing his old Dutch hostess, who had agreed to entertain him under the roof of her log cottage, for and in consideration of a bran new tin milk pan. "No, I never did; dew tell it," was the reply. "Well—you must know that I and Uncle Zake took it into our heads one Saturday afternoon to go a gunnin arter ducks, in father's skiff; so in we got and sculled down the river; a proper sight of ducks flew backwards and forwards I tell ye—and by'm by few on 'em lit down by the marsh, and went to feeden on the muscles. I catched up my peander horn to prime and it slipped right out of my hand and sunk to the bottom of the river. The water was amazingly clear, and I could see it on the bottom. Now I could'nt swim a jot, so I sez to Uncle Zeke, you're a pretty clever feller, jest let me take your peander horn to prime. And don't you think the stingy critter would not. Well says I you're a pretty good diver, I'un, if you'll dive down and get it, I'll give you a primin. I tho's he'd leave his peander horn, but he didn't; but stuck it into his pocket and down he went—and there he staid—here the old lady opened her eyes with wonder and surprise, and a pause of some minutes ensued, when Jonathan acded—I looked down and what do you think the critter was doin?" "Lord!" exclaimed the old lady," "I'm sure I don't know." "There he was," said our hero, "sitting right on the bottom of the river pouring the powder out of my horn into hizen."


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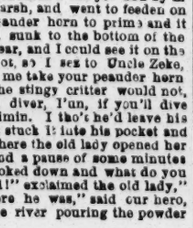

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## City Summary.

MONDAY, March 5th, 1866.

SPRING.—Spring in this climate is a humbug—a fizzle, in fact. It is not what it is cracked up to be. It has obtained a great newspaper reputation, which it is totally unable to sustain. We remember when we were a very young man we wrote a poem beginning thusly—

"Hail, glorious Spring!"

It did hail gloriously the next day, and a newly-purchased tile, which we had cocked on our classic head, was permanently disabled by the fiercely falling drops of frozen water. This was a sad catastrophe, but it gave us a theme for a poem in very blank verse, of which the following is a sample—

——Earth is so cold
That Heaven's tears freeze ere they do touch its face.

The following day it rained "pitchforks," and we were soaked to the skin—from the outside. Nary a tear froze, and then and there we stopped writing on the weather in verse, and concentrated our poetic power on opportune sonnets to feminine eyebrows and things. All this was many years ago, as we have said. Now that we have reached the sere and yellow leaf of life, we are going to "talk back" to Spring. Hear us. It is the most disagreeable of all the seasons. Good old Winter wraps himself in his white cloak of snow, and walks the water which his breath has hardened. He fills the theatres, furnishes us with skating, and is a jolly good fellow generally. Languid Summer lies calmly placid beneath the heavy foliage that her own magic hand has created. Stately Autumn, the matron of the year, gathers about her the hazy skies, the ripened fruits, the abundant harvests, and in her latter days renews our slumbering tastes for Shrewsbury oysters and hot toddies. Now let Spring show her hand. To quote from Scott—

'She is variable as the shade
By the dim city gas-lights made."

She is fickle as the Maid of Athens, to whom Lord Byron presented a petition in Greek, for the immediate return of his heart. She is windy as a ward politician. In March, she howls like a ranting actor in high tragedy parts, at a low theatre. In April, she plays the silly school-girl's *role*, laughing and crying at irregular intervals. In May, she is lazy as our occasional contributor, and by the time she gets fairly to work in her legitimate duty of manufacturing a robe for Dame Nature, she "kicks the bucket," and drops dead into the arms of Summer. We have given a fair statement of the case, and the inevitable deduction to the mind of any unprejudiced person is, that Spring is a fraud, and our advice to her is that she "dry up." ..... Negro eccentricities, as we see and hear them delineated on the minstrel boards, are generally accepted—by those who are amused at them—as mere caricatures of the peculiarities of the colored race, but we can assure our friends that such is not really the case, but that, on the contrary, some of the most absurd acts performed on the mimic black boards are true copies from life, ridiculous as they appear. In our walks about town, we sometimes drop in at "a nigger meeting," or stop to listen to the quaint remarks of a party of our civilized "colored brethern" as they sun themselves along the river front, or lazily occupy some friendly shelter in the classic regions of Cow Bay or Murderer's Alley, well known adjuncts of the Five Points. "Nigger meetings" are decidedly an improvement on the mock turtle, or minstrel entertainments. We visited a "class" a few evenings since, whereat a number of the "most eminent divines" had assembled, the occasion being an "extra effort" in the cause of the "Freedmen's Bureau." The black Demosthenes of the evening was a "whitewash man," and Andy Johnson seemed to be his great object of attack. Said he—"Who's Andy Johnson, I'd like to know. What did he cum from? He didn't know nothin till his sister tout him, didn't she? Couldn't spell his own name at de very time dat you niggers war a gwine through Horace Greeley's History ob de War. Wasn't it? ['Bress ole brudder Greeley—bress de lam.'] Is such a Lincumpoop as dat fit to veto dat Bureau which was built to hold all de human family? Hay? [Cries of—'Oh, heave 'um, heave ole Andy Johnson high. Stan' by, niggers, stan' by while de fire's burnin'.'] What is he? What is dis renegan President? Ony a tailor, and doesn't de dead and gone John Wesley say dat a tailor isn't but de ninth part of a man? Doesn't he? [Oh, hear dat; hear 'um talk.' 'Go down, brudder Widgemson, go down; gib it to de tailor.' 'Hi yi, isn't dat de gospel truth? Hi yi!'] And jest to see de acts ob de man to git into de cheer. What did he do? Didn't he promise to go for de niggers till he get Brudder Linkum out ob de way, and den didn't he go back on um? Hay? ['Isn't he sweetenen' um? Bully for Widgemson.'] Yes, bully for Widgemson, but down wid all Andy Johnsonses. I tell you what it is, my bressed lams, dat game ob Andy's is got to be stopped; de freedmen's bureau is as good as any oder bureau, and Andy Johnson knows it; when ole John Brown—['Bress ole Brown, bress de hero of dis glorious war. Hi yi,'") when ole John stands at de foot ob de tree of life, and slags de song ob faith, and rubs his eyes, and shakes his white hair, and tells colored people to hurry up, and enter into de joy, what will Andy Johnson be, I'd like to know. What will he be? My frens, he will be sneakin behind our fat sister, Victoria Jinkins, a tryin to work his way in like a dead head in a nigger minstrel show; but de boys will find 'um out—oh, dat dey will, and dey will cry cut like one man—down wid yer, down wid yer, Andy Johnson; down wid you and all yer holy rollers; *what's de burgess?* Ah, dat will shake de ninth part of de wily skemer; dat will make him color up worse dan Liddy Forrest, when Anthony Washington catched her wid J. D. Davis, last Sunday night." In much the same strain did the fated Demosthenes hold forth to his auditors, who frequently broke out in exclamations of approval, as we have showed above. Our sketch will give the reader a faint idea of what the oration was, and how it was received by the "dams." One day we came across a big, burly-looking dark, who was entertaining a number of grain measurers with some of his adventures. 'You look like a very strong man, Seebee," (they called him Seebee Redox) said one of the measurers, who had just measured the darkey's immense proportions, "and I guess you can stand some pretty hard knocks." "Hard knocks!" he responded, "I guess I can, boss, 'case I's kase hardened." "What's that?" "What's kase hardened? I tole yer. When I used to do a little preachin and a little play actin, and a little bit of card playin down on de old plantation, some of dem big buck niggers tried to run me off; so I made up my mind dat if I was kase hardened, I could walk right free de whole patch; so I went into de field, and I stood up before de hans and sesi, 'any of yer can haven crack at me, and I wont hit yer back; de harder you hit dat de better;' so down cum de big bucks, and de banjis, and for four hours did I stan' up again em, and never so much as rustled, and dat's de way I got kase hardened. Oh, taint no use for any one to run agin me now. Hard knocks, yes, indeedy, I kin stan' em all day, case I'm kase hardened." And he really believed it. This same preacher, player and gambolizer related a little story which savors strongly of "Nigger Minstrelsy," but which, he informed his hearers, happened to him. "One day," said he, "de master sent me to chop down a tree, and I took an old horse along to help bring it to de house which was about a mile away. I wasn't long at cutin' down de tree, for I smelt de corn cake and bacon, and a nigger'll work mighty hard to be first at de table. Well, I tied a strong ingy rubber rope to de horse, and fastened tother end to de horse, and started for home. When I got to de house, and went to unhitch de team, cum it de tree had budged an inch, but de horse was dar, ready for his feddler, and so did I. So I took de end of de rope, tied it to a tree, put up de horse for de night, got me good old hoe cake, and went to bed. Next mornin', I went to where I tied de rope, and sure enuff, dare was de old tree dat I had cut down; de rope had drawed it a whole mile. I never see anything stretch so in all my life." The old dark was highly incensed when one of the listeners suggested that *he* had stretched rather more than the rope, and ventured to remind the doubter that he "musto't fool with me, mind—I'm kase hardened, I am." These are scenes from real life, that we have heard and seen ourselves. Now let us look at the minstrel show, and note the passing events on the theatric stage.

WM. CARLETON, an Irish vocalist, all the way from Dublin, made his *debut* in this country on Feb. 26th, at Tony Pastor's Opera House, in Irish songs and dances. Owing to the effects of a long sea voyage, he did not appear to very good advantage on his opening night, and he was nervous, but having seen him on several evenings since his *debut*, we have noticed a considerable change for the better. He is equal to any of the Irish vocalists we have here now or have had since the days of Ogden. He has a pretty fair collection of songs, and what he does is very good. As each evening comes and goes, he gains more confidence and performs with more care, and is more natural. He sings an Irish song very nicely, and what is most desired, pleases every one. He was well received after the first two or three evenings, and had three to four *encores* each evening. This week a new drama founded upon the incidents of Grant's Mississippi Campaign is on the bills. Miss Brolloy has been engaged, also a large *corps de ballet*, and next week a first class ballet will be performed.

MR. OWENS appears this evening at the Broadway in the comedy of "The Victims," "Solon Shingls" having been withdrawn on the 3d inst., after a most brilliant run. Manager Wood has secured the services of some most excellent performers to support Mr. Owens. Among the faces are John K. Mortimer, who appears as Herbert Fitzherbert; Miss Josephine Tyson, a very pleasing actress; and Celia Logan, sister to Eliza and Olive Logan. The rest of the cast is in good hands, and will be a great deal better performed than it was last season. "Forty Winks" will be the afterpiece.

THE BENEFIT FOR THE SUFFERERS OF 444.—This affair came off at the New Bowery Theatre on the afternoon and evening of Feb. 27th, and was highly successful. In the afternoon the attendance was not very large, but in the evening standing room was not to be had after the curtain rang up. Nearly all of the 444 company appeared, also the dramatic company of the theatre. The receipts at the Box Office of the theatre amounted to $1,744 44, and for tickets sold outside by the company at one dollar each, nearly $1,500, was realized, counting altogether over $3 000 as the gross receipts. Four hundred dollars was paid for the use of the theatre, leaving a nice round sum for the sufferers. But there is a certain mean transaction connected with this benefit that should be noticed, and that is the ruling out from all share of the benefit, of James Wambold, a performer who had been engaged at 444 for a long time, but who had left a few weeks before the fire occurred, yet was re-engaged, and was to have commenced again the following Monday. During his "lay up," he left all his "props" in the building, all of which were destroyed by the fire. When the benefit was gotten up, a certain individual who seems to have as much to say as the manager owing to having had a little private difficulty with Mr. Wambold, ruled him out from any share of the proceeds, giving the weak excuse that he was not a member of the company. This was a great injustice to Mr Wambold, for if the truth was to be known, his actual loss was as much, if not more, than any other performer in the building. He had not a cent of insurance on his things, while a certain party who made so much fuss about losing so much, was not only *fully insured*, but received his money, and he has said that he was made all right. By what right then was he entitled to a share of the proceeds of the benefit, while Mr. Wambold was ruled out, and while so many ballet ladies and small performers lost all they had. This very mean transaction on the part of those most interested in the spoils has caused a great deal of loud talk about town, and although the benefit is over, this little affair is not settled yet. We have no personal or private reasons for thus espousing the cause of Mr. Wambold, except that he is a public performer, and as the CLIPPER is the only medium through which sinners can have their wrongs redressed, we have done what we would for any performer when wronged. We are given to understand that Mr. Butler had nothing to do with the affair, and we believe he never would have countenanced such a proceeding, as to deprive Mr. Wamoold of his just and lawful rights.

MISS MARIE GLOVER, a clever comedienne from the London theatres, arrived in this city last week, and is open for an engagement. Gifted with a pleasing figure, handsome face, and a pair of sparkling eyes, together with a very musical voice, she should not be idle long.

"MOSES, OR ISRAEL IN EGYPT," as produced at Barnum's, has proved one of the greatest dramatic successes of the season. It is placed upon the stage in magnificent style, and attracted every night last week densely crowded audiences. The management have, in the product on of this Scriptural, historical drama, hit upon a subject that pleases the tastes of the most fastidious, and one that is sure to prove popular with all classes. Our country cousins, while on a visit to the great Head Centre of these United States, should not go home without paying a visit to Barnum's, for they will be pleased with the representation on the stage as well as with the thousands of curiosities, dead and alive.

THE CRICKET ROBBED.—The residence of Maggie Mitchell, 26 West 54th street, in this city, was entered by burglars on the night of Feb. 20th, and robbed of the following articles:—One fancy card basket, set with amethysts; one silver flower vase, with the following inscription engraved thereon:—"Presented to Miss Maggie Mitchell, by the Managers of the Boston Theatre;" eighteen silver spoons, marked with the owner's name, and other articles. A reward of $300 is offered for the recovery of the articles.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS gave a capital performance last week. The night we were present Dan seemed to be funnier than ever, rattling off his songs and gags with great gusto. In the first part C. Henry Grier and Rollin Howard sang their ballads very pleasingly, winning considerable applause from a crowded audience. The quartet is well balanced and the voices are in perfect harmony. Dan Bryant told some very funny gags at the expense of some of the prominent men of the day, all of which brought forth loud applause. It seems Dan has only to show himself to cause smiles to alight upon the countenances of all his patrons. Nelse Seymour is a good middle man, knows exactly how to "take" the end men, and he is a valuable acquisition to this company, particularly in the olio business. Dave Reed was excellent in the song and dance. He is so different from the general run of song and dance men, and what he does is done with so much ease and grace that it is a pleasure to witness his acts; besides this, he is, without doubt, one of the best bone soloists in the business. Dan Emmett is still one of the company, and to see him come on the stage, puts us in mind of old times, indeed, for Daniel Emmett is now one of the oldest performers in burnt cork on the stage, and what little he has to do is always well done. Business has been pretty good with the Bryants during the past two weeks.

"RICHELIEU" is the great dramatic event of the present season. It is placed on the stage in a manner never before surpassed or equaled in this city, and so carefully acted in all its details that there is a good reason for its attracting such crowded houses night after night, and to the matinees on Wednesday. Miss Johnston, a very prepossessing young lady, plays Julie in a careful and pleasing manner, Rose Eytinge having withdrawn from the theatre. Mr. Booth's Richelieu we have previously spoken of at length. Suffice it to say it is his greatest effort. The future of this young actor will be as honorable as he chooses to make it. It seems now that nothing stands in his way to a position in the world of art as exalted as that which his eminent father held. There is enough of electrical effect in every one of his delineations to atone for the dull formality of a generation of players.

LUCILLE WESTERN continues at Wood's Theatre. Her sensational low life piece of "Atonement" held the boards all last week, and although it did not attract over crowded audiences, all parties were, no doubt, satisfied with the returns. The play has been brought into four acts and a prologue, and runs much better than it did the first week. Yet, notwithstanding this, a greater amount of trash and concatenation of all the slang of low life is seldom witnessed on the stage.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS will succeed Edwin Booth at the Winter Garden.

MR. MONDION, *nee* Pelletta, made a second attempt at the Winter Garden on Feb. 28th, essaying the *role* of Shylock, supported by Mary Mitchell as Portia. As a superficial performance his Shylock would take rank. There was no depth, no intensity in it the peculiar tone and certain mannerisms of the actor are his great faults. The words of the author were uttered by him, it is true, but not in the spirit they were intended. He failed to make any favorable impression on his auditors. It was a plain, simply read poem, in which the beauty and elegance of the language were studied without regard to the depth and philosophy of the subject. Mary Mitchell has had a popular career in the Western States, a success which has been due more to her physical attributes than to her artistic merit. As an actress, she is of but moderate ability. She has been long enough on the stage to understand all the tricks of the profession. In a stock company, she would, no doubt, become a very clever actress.

GEORGE FAWCETT ROWE made his *debut* at the Olympic on Feb. 28th, as Sir Charles Goldstream in 'Used Up," and as Clorinda in the burlesque of "Cinderella." In the first piece he was not very brilliant, and although it would have afforded us much pleasure to speak of Mr Rowe in terms commendatory, it would be unfair to give an opinion favorable to one who is not superior to our best light or eccentric comedians. This is our opinion of Mr. Rowe, judging him by his performance of Goldstream, which, we think, must be one of his weakest efforts. We have seen Charles Mathews and old Charles Walcot play the same *role*, and Mr. Rowe falls a great way below them in it. Mr. Rowe's transition from the gentleman to the ploughboy was by no means good. We recollect Mathews in this part, and his performance of it was wonderful, particularly the scene where he becomes a ploughman, and the easy manner with which he doffed the garments and cracked his whip was very natural. His dialect, also, was so good. Mr. Rowe gave us a neat, quiet bit of acting, but it was evident that the *role* did not afford him full scope for the display of his talent. His peculiar manner, natural mode of speaking, quick movement, neatness and aptness strike us as being truly artistical, and while lacking largeness of style, is pleasing. In the burlesque he shone forth resplendently. As Clorinda he was immense and no mistake. His make-up and acting was far superior to any burlesque actor we ever saw. It is certainly in burlesque that he must shine, and where he must expect to succeed the most in this city. He walks, skips, flaunts and dances as gracefully as any demoiselle of eighteen summers. With the support of Mrs. Wood, certainly the best burlesque actress on the American stage, he had every opportunity of displaying to their full extent his great powers as a burlesque actor. His duets with Mrs. Wood were capital, and loudly *encored* each evening. He made a decided sensation, and was called before the curtain. Mrs. Wood was in her element, playing the *role* of Cinderella in excellent style. Her singing, always one of the great features of her burlesques, was ludicrously amusing, and brought down the house every time. She divided the honors of the piece with Mr. Rowe. The burlesque was exceedingly well put out on the stage, and every one in the cast played their parts remarkably well.

CLUBS AND BURNT CORK ON THE MUSCLE.—A regular hog fight occurred at a popular restaurant on Fourteenth street, near the Academy of Music, on the evening of the 1st inst., between a noted Broadway Minstrel manager and another popular individual who deals in articles for developing the muscle. The representative of burnt cork is said to have commenced an attack on his adversary by calling him names not to be found in Webster's good book. The cause of all this was the publication of a card in the *Herald* sometime since, which was a take off of a similar card published by the belligerent individual a few days previously. A heavy spittoon was the first article of war at hand, and with this the man of cork knocked down the man of muscle, when a friend jumped in with boots and stamped most unmercifully upon the head and face of ye king of clubs. Getting upon his feet, the 'muckle" man rushed out of the saloon to one nearly opposite, and seizing a poker, returned to the scene of action; but he had no sooner "put in an appearance" than he was felled to the floor senseless by a blow from a heavy cane, where he lay bleeding for a minute or so. He was then picked up, taken to a neighboring saloon, and his wounds dressed after which he was carried home. A warrant was to have been issued on the 3d inst. for the arrest of the burnt cooker for assault and battery.

WALLETT, the clown, when sojourning in town, called at the CLIPPER to shake hands with the skipper, last week. This Wallett is one of the most plethoric (of wit) we ever handled, and the elephant has evidently dealt gently with him.

ROBERT HOWE, the well known showman, is in town.

MANAGER SINN, of the Chestnut, Philadelphia, was in town last week, after novelties.

C. BUSCH, an old traveling agent, is, we are sorry to learn, lying sick at the Revere House, in this city.

EDWIN BOOTH plays "Hamlet" for the *matinee* at the Winter Garden on the 7th inst.

"USED UP" and the burlesque of "Cinderella" are kept on the bills this week at the Olympic.

"CORBIN'S TOUR OF SCOTLAND" continues at Hope Chapel.

CHARLES BARRON takes a benefit on the evening of the 7th inst., at the Winter Garden, playing Othello, to Ida Venhon's Desdemona.

GEORGE BONIFACE closed at the New Bowery on the 3d inst.

THIS IS the last week of "Atonement" at Wood's Theatre. On the 12th "East Lynne" will be produced.

MAGGIE MITCHELL'S business at Niblo's last week was not equal to her first week. Nevertheless the attendance was pretty good on some occasions. "Fanchon" is repeated this week.

"GISBALDA" was performed at the Parsonage on Broadway, near Fourth street, last week. The majority of the performers did their utmost to make the play a great deal worse than it really is, by making the *double entendre* more palpable than was intended by the author.

THIS WILL be a gala week at the New Bowery, as the combined forces of Butler's company from the late "444" and the dramatic company of Mr Lingard's, appear in conjunction. In addition to the regular entertainment as given at their old hall by the Butler troupe, the dramatic company will appear in farces.

JOHNNY REICH AND LOTTIE LA POINT commence at Tony Pastor's Opera House this evening, March 5th.

GENERALLY SPEAKING, show establishments find the approach of one Lent enough to make business a little shaky, but the Hippotheatron does not seem to be affected at the approach of two Lent's, for notwithstanding we are in the height of the Lental season, L. B. Lent has returned to his establishment from the west, and business was just as good last week as it ever has been. Levi North left last week to go to St. Louis. This week James Robinson does his principal act, carrying his pupil, Clarence. The other attractions are very good.

SUCH CROWDS as continue to witness the performances of the San Francisco Minstrels were never before seen in any minstrel hall in this city. We attended on the evening of the 3d inst. and although we were on hand as soon as the performance commenced, there was not a vacant seat in the house, and as a comfortable standing spot was difficult to find, we left without witnessing their laughable eccentricities.

MESSRS. CONNER & CO. are still at West Houston street, where at all hours of the day can be found representatives of the profession, from the ballet lady to the leading lady, from the utility to the heavy tragedian, as well as managers of all kind of entertainments, from a kid showman to the biggest theatre in the country. Here is their headquarters, and the Conner family are the great head centres. If you want to engage stars of all kinds for your theatres, managers should apply to Conner & Co. If you want a "posish" as a member of the paste brigade, as agent, or to fill any position in the Music hall, burnt cork, sawdust, or dramatic profession, performers should give Conner a call 25 West Houston street is the spot.

THE DOBSON BROTHERS, Frank and Charley, leave for Richmond, Va., on the 7th inst., where they intend to open a school to teach the banjo.

## Dramatic.

IN WASHINGTON, the political excitement of the past two weeks created by the veto message and subsequent action of the President and Congress, has not had the least tendency to lessen the attendance at the several places of amusement. On the contrary the furore has been on the increase, and night finds scores of our legislators seeking recreation at the theatres or music halls. Our correspondent "American," says:—"Probably the most successful engagement of the season, pecuniarily, was that of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams at Grover's, which closed on Feb 26th. Their original engagement closed on the 24th, but one more presentation of the drama 'Connie Soogah' being demanded, they consented to remain another night. This play was presented with an excellent cast, and gave a more extended scope for the display of a little by some performers, whose talents heretofore have not been duly appreciated. First among these is Mrs. Louisa Eldridge, who, in the character of Wild Elsie, secured much applause. Her rendition of the mad scene in the cave was most excellent and was much more than the audience expected, judging by her former efforts. Mrs. A. Mortimer as Mary Regan also surpassed herself. The reappearance of the stock company on Feb. 27th, created a genuine sensation. Several new faces have appeared in it since its organization last fall. Among them are Misses Annie Ward and Esther Homan, and Messrs. S. C. Dubois and J. F. Whiting. Miss Ward has taken the place of Miss Clara Walters, an actress much admired here. 'Henry Dunbar' was presented on the occasion of the company's reappearance, and with marked success. I may safely say that none of the many efforts of this excellent company to please have been so duly appreciated and so amply rewarded by the public as has this. The drama, which outvies the novel in the beauty and intensity of language, was well put upon the stage. Frank Lawlor as Henry Dunbar showed some superb acting. Lamb, as the Major, was perfectly at home. Spackman as Carter, and Dubois as Clement Austin, were both good. There was one gentleman in the cast, and who assumed a rather prominent part, that was altogether unfit for the task. Indeed, his only worth, if I may so use the term, seems to lay in his elegant costume and his affected *distingue* air when upon the stage. There are members of the company much more capable of filling the parts to which he is generally assigned, than himself, and I wonder that the management have not before this noticed the disapprobation of the audience. Mrs. Jordan, who assumed the *role* of Margaret Wentworth, far excelled any of her previous efforts. The various scenes between her and her father were all well given. The disguise which she assumes in the last act was so perfect that many in the audience were as much deceived as was her lover, Clement Austin. Miss Ward as Laura was very good. She has an excellent voice, a graceful appearance, and a beautiful face, and I predict for her many victories, not only on the stage, but over the hearts of our susceptible swains. Some foundation for this might be derived from the number of bouquets she received on the occasion of her first appearance. Miss Esther Homan, as the waiting maid, was, as she always is, excellent. 'The Streets of New York' and 'How She Loves Him' are announced as in preparation."

BOSTON is still "on its muscle," though we may soon expect a change. The theatres were pretty well filled the past week, though there has been something of a falling off from the large numbers that attended when the pantomimic and gymnastic exhibitions first commenced. Our correspondent "Renshaw," writing on the 3d, says:—"At the Boston, the Ravels will close their engagement to-night. Young America took a benefit on Feb. 26th, when the pantomimes of 'Godensky' and 'Jeannette and Jeannot' were given, together with an exhibition on the flying trapeze by Young America, in which he shows great skill and agility. On Feb 27th, 'Raoul,' the first long pantomime during their engagement, was given, and has been played each evening this week. On the 28th, Antoine Ravel had his benefit, giving 'Raoul' and the 'Harvest Moon.' To-night, Gabriel Ravel has his, and without doubt it will be a bumper, as he is quite popular here, and beside, this is the third farewell benefit and appearance in the last five years. On March 5th, the greatest ball since the one given in honor of the Prince of Wales will be given at this theatre. It will be one of the most elegant and *recherche* affairs held here for years. Tuesday will be devoted to removing the ruins, and on Wednesday, March 7, Miss Bateman makes her first appearance here since her return from abroad, as 'Leah,' and although the manager has thought it necessary to raise the prices of admission, the theatre will, without doubt, be crowded, it being the first occasion for four weeks when we have had anything approaching the legitimate drama. The manager has promised to give us 'Leah' in a superb manner, with a fine cast and new scenery and costumes .....At the Museum, owing to the rush to hear and see the 'Sons of the Cape,' they will remain another week, and then we are to have a dramatization of Miss Brandon's novel of 'Henry Dunbar.' It will be brought out under the name of the 'Outcast.' It has been months in preparation, and will be produced, as is usual at this theatre, in splendid style, and with a capital cast. After this has had its day, we are to have the correct edition of 'Lost in London.'..... At the Continental, the Hanlons still appear in a variety of muscular exhibitions. The two Fowler sisters (Mlle and Clara) give a variety of pleasing dances, and their two sisters, resembling them very much in appearance, sing one or two songs, comic and otherwise, though I do not think they are as good singers as their sisters. The Magic Fountain still plays nightly as beautifully as ever. At the latter end of the programme comes the sensation of the week, the Sphynx. The Hanlons, Fowler Sisters and Prof. Sylvester remain another week.....At the Howard, Yankee Lock still continues his engagement. The sensational drama of the 'Knave of Hearts' was brought out here on Feb. 26th, but being rather trashy, it was shelved after Thursday. The drama of the 'North End Will' will soon be produced here. The houses, the past week, have been fair. Matilda Heron is to be the next star at this establishment."

PITTSBURGH says our correspondent "Amicie," "was unusually lively last week. The general strike of iron moulders and glass blowers has crowded the streets, but otherwise has not been of any pecuniary benefit to themselves or to the community. The Opera House produced 'Lost in Pittsburgh' on Feb. 26th, and some of our city papers think the original title of 'Lost in London' might as well have been adhered to, inasmuch as Miss Laura Keene impersonates Tilly, a New Hampshire girl, with a broad Yorkshire dialect, and Harry Hawk gives us a specimen of a cockney in knee breeches, top boots and livery coat. This is scarcely the fashion in our homely city. The piece is not a success, although produced to a very fair house the first night; since then there has been a poor attendance .... At the Pittsburgh Theatre business is excellent. Julia Daly and Sam Ryan have been the stars. Miss Daly is a good Yankee Girl, but beyond that her talent is limited. She is not good in Ely O'Connor, but in the 'Fool of the Family' she is quite at home, and delights her auditors .....The New Academy is slowly progressing, and at present it looks as if the opening was in the dis ance. ..... Helen Western is in town. She plays at the Opera House next (this) week and the Couldocks are to be at the Pittsburgh. ..... Harry Gossin arrived here lately in distress. The young man, you remember, had his leg broken, which incapacitated him from attending to his duties. A wealthy uncle residing here suffered the young man to be sent to his brother, at Cincinnati, by subscription taken up among the members of the Pittsburgh Theatre Company. I know the party well, and know his circumstances are such which renders an occurrence like that a disgrace to him. A good many in the company could ill afford to be so charitable, but would not see a brother artist in distress."

MARIETTA RAVEL commenced an engagement at the Rochester Opera House on Feb 26th, in the 'French Spy." Our correspondent, "La Vere," writing on March 1st, says: "The 'French Spy' ran three nights, to full houses, increasing each night. Mdlle. Ravel's rendition of the Spy is a splendid piece of acting, being a much better impersonation than I have ever witnessed. She possesses great personal attractions of form and feature, combined with an unsurpassed agility and gracefulness of motion, which render her pantomimic efforts so bewitching to all who witness them. Her every step upon the stage is of itself a study, while, with the ease and grace with which she executes the most difficult posturing, calls forth the most enthusiastic applause. In the broadsword combat she is wonderful; the apparently unequal combat, a strong stalwart Arab against a seemingly weak woman, is highly exciting. Mr. P. Connolly, a young melo-dramatic actor, who is engaged with Mlle Ravel as a support in her various pieces, impersonated Mohammed in a truly artistic manner, his 'fall' at the close of the combat being the best I have ever witnessed. Mr. Mortimer re-appeared on the boards on Feb. 26th, after an absence of two weeks, as Col DeCourcy, a part which he sustained in an admirable manner. Mr. Daly's Tony Bavard was a masterly piece of serio-comic acting, and elicited, as do all his efforts, rounds of hearty applause. Mr. Mathew's Sergeant Dubourg was a most excellent rendition of that character. Mr. Griffiths, as Achmet Bey, was excellent. The various parts were all well and appropriately dressed, with the exception of Capt. Didier, which, in my opinion, was over-done, he outranking his Colonel in point of uniform. This evening, Mlle Ravel does the 'Angel of Midnight,' and for her benefit to-morrow evening, 'Marco, the Mute,' a pantomime written for her by John F. Poole; a piece which, I understand, is replete with interest and striking situations, and likely to meet with success."

"THE BRONZE HORSE" was in active preparation at last advices at the Metropolitan, San Francisco.

THE WORRELL SISTERS, Bandmann, Mr. and Mrs. C. Wheatleigh, Mrs. Sedley Brown and Mr and Mrs. Harry Jackson, were announced to sail from San Francisco, on Feb 10th, for this city.

"SAM" was produced at the Metropolitan, San Francisco, on Feb. 7th with C. Wheatleigh as the hero. This is not the piece played by Mr. Chanfrau in this city lately, but is one that Southern performed here.

WARD'S DRAMATIC COMPANY, consisting of Fanny Morgan Phelps, Alonzo the Brave, Mrs. McDonald, Reeves and George Waldron—who couldn't "play Alexander" to Brigham Young's acceptance—quitted Portland, O., a short time since, and are making over the mountains toward Montana and Idaho. Mr. and Mrs. George Chapman, whose professional vicissitudes and travels are spread over nearly three-quarters of a century, have established a theatre and themselves at Montana, where they are said to be making money.

THE OPERA HOUSE, San Francisco, it is said, is to undergo improvements of the most extensive kind. The dress circle is to be drooped to nearly level with the parquet, as is the case in the Academy of Music; the gallery is to be raised, and another tier will be built. Each of the circles will be built back in a manner which will give 10 feet additional width, and it is calculated that by these alterations space sufficient to seat between seven and eight hundred additional persons will be gained. During the time the architects have the Opera House the company at present performing there will be removed to the Academy of Music.

TOM PEASLEY SHOT.—On the evening of Feb. 1st Mark Barnhard went into the Ormsby House saloon, Carson City, where Tom Peasley was sitting, and after exchanging a few words, shot three times at Peasley (one proving mortal), then struck him on the head, breaking the skull. Barnhard then ran into a card room, which was dark. Peasley got his pistol, went to the door, and fired two or three shots into the room, two of which took effect on Barnhard, one piercing his heart. Both died soon after. The body of Peasley was taken to Virginia, and the funeral took place on the 4th.

FITZ SIMMONS and his sensation dramas are meeting with great success at the Varieties, Detroit, Mich. Last week, the drama of the "Belle of Washington—From the Altar to the Dissecting Room," was produced in capital style, and business at the Varieties is most excellent. The management has given extra attention to putting Fitz Simmons' dramas on the stage in good order, with scenic displays, new properties, auxiliaries, etc.

"THE MEMBER FROM PIKE" is as long-winded as some of the stump speakers who manufacture public opinion just before an election, for the "Pike" speaker held the floor of the Walnut Street Theatre for two weeks, to the delight of assemblages who crowd not only the galleries, but the body of the house. Mr. J. S. Clarke has much reason to be proud of the success which has attended his Philadelphia engagement, for notwithstanding the piety of his constituency during the Lenten season, "the Member from Pike" is listened to nightly, by "large and appreciative audiences," showing that they find time to laugh as well as pray. This is the closing week of Mr. Clarke's engagement. He will be followed on the 12th by Mr. Hackett, for six nights, and he in turn will be succeeded by the Keans, who will remain one week.

OWEN S. FAWCETT, the young and rising comedian of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, has made such a favorable impression in that city, that the management of the Walnut has already secured his services for next season.

O. B. DOUD desires an engagement for leading business, or as stage manager for the balance of the season, and advertises to that effect in another column.

HO! FOR BOSTON.—Ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged talent, desiring an engagement at the Boston Theatre, should make application to J. B. Booth, as instructed in his advertisement in another column.

IN MILWAUKEE, business at the theatre is reported as having been pretty good of late with Manager T. E. Mills. Mr. J. Langdon, one of the company, is highly spoken of as being a careful, painstaking actor, showing a decided improvement since he joined the company, and a general favorite. His performance of Achmet in 'Jessie Brown," on Feb. 24th, is said to have been a very satisfactory performance. This company expects to leave Milwaukee about the middle of the present month, for an extended tour through Michigan, Ohio and New York State, and after a rest of one week in this city, to take the New England cities and towns.

THE STONEWALL JACKSON WIDOW BENEFIT(?).—On the evening of Jan. 10th a benefit was tendered the widow of Stonewall Jackson at Phœnix Hall, Petersburg, Va. S. W. Glenn was there at the time with his company, and volunteered their services. Phœnix Hall was crowded with persons at one dollar a head. The following day the receipts were announced as having been $481, although it is said that this does not begin to reach the actual amount received. After waiting several days the committee called on Mr. Glenn for a settlement, and were put off by representations, first on the part of Mr. Glenn, then on the part of Mr. Lewis, each affirming that the other had the money and would produce it. Hoping to extort, from the fear of public exposure, the return demanded by personal honesty, the committee gave notice on Jan. 23d that they had determined to sift this matter, and, in the interests of the people, if they found, as they feared, dishonesty, expose the heartless knave who could thus trifle with the sympathies, abuse the confidence, and rob the pockets of the people of Petersburg. Again, on the 3d of February, they renewed the demand for a satisfactory explanation of the protracted delay, and asked the assistance of those who had exerted themselves in selling tickets, to form some estimate of the amount actually received. But as yet, neither the fear of exposure nor anything else has made Glenn, or his treasurer, Mr. Lewis, either give a correct return of the amount of sales, or even give up one dollar of the benefit money, notwithstanding nearly two months have passed away. It is said that Glenn and Lewis have both acknowledged that they have used the money for other purposes.

MR. AND MRS. HENRY LINDEN'S engagement of two weeks at the Academy of Music, in Quincy, Ill., closed with the week ending Feb. 24th. Our correspondent says:—"This engagement proved anything but profitable to them. Mr Linden and lady came to us from Leavenworth highly recommended by the press of that city, and admirably did they sustain themselves in every particular upon their arrival here. In comedy, burlesque and farce, Mr. Linden ranks among the first in the profession. His conception and rendition of that ludicrous character, Billy Lackaday, in 'Sweethearts and Wives;' the characteristic Wool in 'The Hidden Hand,' or the pious Aminadab Sleek, which kept the audience in a continual roar, were sufficient to remove all doubts of his ability; and Mrs. Linden is perfectly at ease in almost any character she may assume. I sincerely hope that they will not judge too hastily, and leave us with the impression that their efforts to amuse have not been appreciated, for they certainly have, at least by the few that were enabled to see and hear them. The occasion of this partial failure may be attributed to the season of Lent, and the very disagreeable weather. They left us on Feb. 26th, for Dubuque, Iowa, and I sincerely hope that the difficulties which they had to contend with here will not follow them, and that the people of Dubuque will be awake to their merits, and give them a good reception and support during their stay, as they most certainly deserve. On Feb. 26th began the re-engagement of Miss Susan Denin for six nights."

MOLLIE WILLIAMS and

ment of P. H. Maguire, Feb. 16th, and the houses have been good. Our correspondent "Kittie" says:—"While the Richmond Theatre and Metropolitan Hall have closed for want of patronage, everything seems lively. The streets are thronged with people from daybreak till late at night, and all seem to enjoy themselves, but there is very little money afloat, and any amount of fine stone buildings being erected over the ruins caused by the cruel war, which accounts in part for the scarcity of greenbacks. However, we have no cause to complain, playing every night to crowded houses and very enthusiastic audiences. This is the last week of the Legislature, and then we shall not see quite so many greyhaired sinners (minus their aged partners) in front to give us such a welcome whenever we appear before them."

W. B. CAVANAUGH opened in Pittsburgh, at Trimble's Varieties, Feb 26th, and met with a success. Miss Jennie Engle and Dick Sands also met with a flattering reception, Miss Engle receiving the largest number of *encores* of any female vocalist that has ever appeared there. The houses have improved wonderfully under the new management and with the new company.

J. W. WHARTON has disposed of his interest in the Museum, Baltimore, Md.

AT THE PALACE VARIETIES, Cincinnati, O., which establishment has just completed its second year successful, talent of various kinds is wanted, as will be seen by an advertisement in another column.

THE MANAGER of Carr's Varieties, Buffalo, has had to resort to the gift dodge. Last week, five hundred "valuable" presents were to be given to the audience.

AT THE CANTERBURY, Washington, D.C., Madame Forrestelle the contortionist, still continues to delight large audiences by her performances. A new local drama by Add Ryman, entitled the "Guerrillas of the Potomac," has been produced. It borders, it is said, on the absurd, yet it draws, and "ye gods" are evidently delighted with the play. Mulligan appears this week in his "Challenge Dance," "Loan of a Lover," "The Two Dromios," and other acts.

MARRIED.—At Harrisburg, Pa., on January 18, Harry Wells, leader of Sanford's Opera House, to Miss Fanny Ferrero, *danseuse*, now performing at Geo. Lea's Canterbury, Washington, D. C.

THE NEW AMERICAN THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., under the management of Jno. Wharton, was sold out to Mr. Sami. White, on the 19th of February. The following is a list of the company engaged under the new management: Dan Howard, Larry Tooley, Mary Newton, Hannah Birch, Fayette Welch, William Ward, Millie Coleman, James Ward, Master Lewis Coburn, Miss Lucy Clifton, Susie Summerfield, Miss Marie Blake, H. W. Williams, Helen Smith, Kate Harrison and Miss Sinclair.

MANAGER WOODWARD, of the Olympic, San Francisco, offers a prize of $100 for the best play adapted to the Olympic company. The play may be tragedy, comedy, farce, burlesque, melo-drama, or in fact, of any description. Authors must write with an eye to the capabilities of the Olympic company, and a piece to be accepted must not occupy more than one hour or less than forty minutes in representation.

AT THE PALACE VARIETIES, Cincinnati, Harry Alberts took a "ben." on the 1st inst. Blanchard and his dogs appeared. The company engaged there consists of Maude Stanley, Melville Brothers, Mdlle Louise, C. Ransom, Julia Yale, Harry St. Clair, Katie Leslie, Emma Marsh, Sig. Ximenes, Jenny Sylvester, Sig. A. Couse, Annie Gibbons and Gus Shaw.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, New Orleans, has been meeting with a succession of good houses for a number of weeks. Gallitzi took a benefit on Feb. 23d, and on the 26th, Charles Austin, the drill man, put in an appearance; also, Rushton and Williams, cloggists.

THE BROADWAY VARIETIES, late Poland's Varieties, Nashville, was opened Feb. 24th, by J. L. Davis. The company engaged consists of Tony Benton, Tom Clannon, J. Whittaker, Johnny Cole, Lizzie Walker, Billy Gray, Lizzie Louise and Emma Clare.

THE AMERICAN THEATRE, Albany, N. Y., devoted to Music Hall performances, had as its principal card last week, Cherry Belle, Billy Rice, Wm. Vershay, Laura Bernard, Joe Woods and Harry Wharfe.

EL NINO EDDIE met with an accident in New Orleans, on Feb. 23d, by falling from the trapeze, while in the drum act, a distance of not less than thirty feet to the stage. The force of the fall was slightly broken by a blanket, but it is feared, notwithstanding the daring little fellow came before the curtain to assure the audience that he was alive, that he may have received serious injury from the shock.

## Circuses.

Circus companies in the South and Southwest seem to be doing a very good business. The following letter is from a member of De Haven's show, dated Red River, Feb. 15th. He says:—"I now sit down to give you a little insight of our travels in Texas. We arrived in Galveston the 25th of November, and played there five days to overflowing houses; thence to Houston, where we turned away people; took railroad to Richmond, and there hired transportation on through to San Antonio, where we played one week to crowded houses, including Sunday. We then bought some horses and hired the rest, and set out through the wilds of Texas on towards Shreveport, La., and of all countries this beats all. Talk of Hottentots, cannibals, barbarians! here they are everything but civilized, whooping and hollowing, shooting, and all come to the show with pistols and knives; they shoot through the canvas, and call you names that are not very pleasant to hear, and we have to take it all. We had no fuss with them, as we dare not open our mouths. They shoot all around us as we go to and from the canvas. Once in a while we come across a man that knows something, but not often. We have now all our own conveyances. Our admission here was $1 in specie, or $1.50 in greenbacks, though we don't see many greenbacks, only where the Union soldiers are. For the horses, all we could get was corn, and poor at that. The horses all stand out doors. You can always find a shingle up at a grocery, go in and you will find a barrel of fighting whiskey made here, and it will kill two hundred yards at sight, also a few cards of gingerbread and some oysters. But after all we have made money, and sails, are paid every Sunday. Old Man Haight pays up good; he is going to make a good showman; this is his first season. He started from Beaver Dam, Wis., last April, and has run ever since. He intends to make this an eighteen months' trip. He bought out De Haven's interest at Vicksburg last fall, but runs under his name as long as the bills hold out with his name on. Doct. Chambers is our agent; Ben McGinley, contracting agent and assistant manager. We had three horses stolen from us in Bellevue, first town out of Henderson. We opened in Shreveport, La., on Feb. 12th, after a long and tedious journey among the Yah-hoos and Gitlpeces, who would put a six-shooter to your mouth and ask you if that was good for a ticket, and one half the time in mud and the other half quarreling to get something to eat. But we came out safe and sound and brought all our stock with us, but it was quite a difficulty on our part to do so. The company are all well, and start for Mobile, Feb. 18th. Mrs. Maginley (Mary Carroll) is riding a splendid act better than ever, and has made a tremendous hit in Shreveport. Barney Carroll is with the company, and is looking as young as ever, leaping over eight and nine horses every day. Ben Maginley made his first appearance in the ring at Shreveport, and made a hit as clown. The company consists of W. B. Carroll, Master Willie, Berdeau, Carr, Naylor Brothers, Bliss Family, P. H. Seamon and Cary, clowns; Billy Manning, Harry Blond, Alex. Prentice, John Somers, Master Hubert, Master Jimmy, W. A. Johnson, Mlle. Marie and Mrs. Carroll."

VAN AMBURGH'S MENAGERIE, which has been wintering in Connersville, Ind., is being got into shape for the coming season. Over twenty mechanics are employed repairing, painting, gilding, scrolling and getting ready. They have several small elephants and large tigers, a white peacock, and many rare animals, now in New York, ready for shipping West, as soon as the weather will permit. H. Dougherty is building a new six centrepole tent. The Fielding Brothers are putting up a new golden chariot, to be sent West in the spring. Things look as though they were going out large. Hyatt Frost and Barnum are stopping there. Knapp, Taylor and Fred Lewis are looking after the horse; Noah Davis, Hyatt, Grinsley and Wade are seeing to the animals; Simpson attends to the canvas, and W. Weed is boss of stops, and building new cages; Cladd Dyke, of Philadelphia, is captain of the paint brigade, and things look prosperous.

SIR CUSS BILLS, well known as a contributor to wall literature, is a very popular individual, and it may interest very many to know that a number of his works may be procured of Mr. George Williams, an Albanian. For descriptive list see advertisement in another column.

THE ATTENTION of managers of circuses is hereby called to an advertisement in another column offering the services of a violoncellolist, violinist, banjoist and two end men. This company has traveled together for two years.

THAYER AND NOYES' Circus arrived in Mobile, Ala., on Feb. 18th, and opened the following night, and business continued big until the 22d, when a heavy fall of rain brought a shy house. The company was to leave there on March 1st for New Orleans, and go thence into Texas with the wagons.

G. F. ORBIN'S Circus was to close in La Guira on Feb. 13th, and sail for Maracaibo.

A MUSICIAN advertises in this and next week's CLIPPER for a situation in a circus band to play tenor in brass, or violin, etc., in string band.

A GOOD BRASS AND STRING BAND is wanted by G. McDonald, of Boston, Mass., for a traveling tour this summer. See advertisement to that effect in this and succeeding issues of the CLIPPER.

DAN RICE, the lecturing or "talking clown," is the star attraction of the circus at Tenth and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia; it appears to us, however, that the "funny clowns" are the most in favor with the masses, who prefer little jokes, or songs, or something of that sort, to long-winded harangues on political topics. Dan Rice is not likely to prove any more successful at the Callowhill Street Circus than Wallett proved at the American.

A NUMBER of persons are undergoing examination in Philadelphia, on the charge of conspiring to defraud, in connection with a concern called the Era Oil Company. Among those implicated is one J. B. Willcock, who says that he is a circus clown, and that his name as such is Dr. Mott. It looks as though the clown and the other oily gammons would have a good deal of trouble before they get out of the wilderness. The case is still pending.

TALENT of all kinds is wanted for the Hippotheatron at St. Louis, to be opened in a week or so. Levi J. North has been secured as equestrian director. See advertisement.

LEVI NORTH, in an advertisement in this week's CLIPPER, cautions all managers from engaging his apprentice, Henry Coil, professionally called Henry North.

M'LLE. FORRESTELLE, the female contortionist, who is recommended as being a first class pantomimist as well as contortionist, wishes to travel with a first class circus this season. The lady may be engaged through Manager George Lea, of Washington, D. C.

JAMES MAGUIRE, clown and comic singer, wishes an engagement with a circus for the tenting season. See advertisement.

SOME VALUABLE CIRCUS PROPERTY, including trained horses, wagons, tents and other useful and ornamental paraphernalia to circuses, is advertised for sale by L. B. Lent, in another column. As the season is about to begin, circus managers should be alive in making application.

DEAD.—J. B. Rochette, the trick clown and cannon ball performer, died at the County Hospital, San Francisco, on Feb. 5th, aged 41 years. He had been for some time past in very bad health. He first visited California in 1852, since which time he made annual tours through the State and neighboring Territories. Last summer he accompanied Messrs. Lee and Ryland on their performing tour; but those who saw him observed that his brilliancy was gone, and that his power to please was a thing of the past. The cause of this is explained by a post-mortem made by Dr. Charles A. Stivers, one of the consulting physicians of the City Hospital. Upon opening the skull, the left lobe of the brain was found as soft and flabby as thick butter, while on the right side, under the frontal and temporal bones, the Doctor discovered a tumor weighing about four ounces, two and a half inches long, an inch and a half wide, and one inch in thickness, and the brain on that side, beneath the tumor, was almost as hard as Swiss cheese. The frontal and temporal bones were three quarters of an inch in thickness, and carried till they presented the appearance of honey-comb. The doctor accounted for the disease and peculiar structure of the bones, by the habit the performer had of catching the cannon-ball with which he performed upon the right side of the head. Some four months ago the deceased was stricken down, and has never risen from his bed since. Every few days he would be subject to convulsions, which gradually increased in frequency and severity until the day of his death, at which time they may be said to have become almost continuous, one scarcely passing off before another would appear. The members of the theatrical and circus companies of San Francisco took charge of the remains, and had them interred in Lone Mountain Cemetery.

THE SALE of Circus property at Lancaster, Ohio, belonging to L. B. Lent's Equescurriculum, did not turn out as well as expected owing to the intense cold weather. Only $7,000 worth was disposed of at public sale, the rest being sold at private sale to parties who were present. Among the purchasers were Lewis June, who took a number of horses, wagons, etc. An agent for the Van Amburgh Menagerie bought a number of horses, etc. Lipman and Spence Stokes (a new concern), purchased a number of horses and ponies. William Lake and John Robinson were also purchasers. Charley Castle, the old and one of the best advertising agents in the "biz," having left saw dust, and gone into the express business, bought thirty of the best baggage stock for the National Bank Express Company. Ham O'Norman, a young and enterprising showman, bought fifteen wagons, also horses and harness. Messrs. Keeler, Ruis and Ulrich, merchants of Lancaster, also purchased some stock.

BIG OFFER.—The Guislay Family of gymnasts, who have been performing in San Francisco for some time past, have been offered $20,000 and a passage to New York for two hundred performances.

A VIOLINIST, middleman, one legged clog dancer, and a number of other people, desire an engagement with some circus or side show. See Jas. Conner & Co.'s advertisement to that effect in another column.

WILSON'S CIRCUS COMPANY REPORTED LOST.—It was rumored in San Francisco, on Feb. 6th, that the schooner Alice, which sailed from that port some months ago, with Wilson's Circus Troupe, for a voyage to the Pacific Island and Australia, had been wrecked, and all on board lost. The rumor comes from Victoria, V. I., by telegraph, and was brought to that city by the captain of a vessel which arrived there from Tahiti. The report says that the Alice was wrecked while going from Tahiti, Society Islands to the Friendly Islands, which are on the route to Australia, and that, being caught in a terrific storm, the vessel was finally driven ashore, and all on board drowned. Amongst those who were on board the Alice, were Mr. John Wilson, James Cooke, the jester, M'lle Ella Zoyara (Mr. Omar Kingsley), William Ross, George Carlo, Tommy Peel, Young Leroy, Olma, Fanny Brown, and other performers whose names we have not received. The rumor is a painful one, and we have reason to doubt its authenticity; but we give the rumor for what it is worth. The last direct news from Wilson was when he sailed from Honolulu for Tahiti, after a prosperous season at the Sandwich Islands. This was some three and-a half months ago, and he has had ample time to complete his season in the Society group, and proceed on his voyage. We shall probably know the truth of the rumor in a few weeks, as several ships are due from Australia, and they will doubtless bring some information of the fact if there has been a shipwreck.

THE BARSLEY BROTHERS, who are up in the double trapeze, horizontal bar, and other gymnastic business, desire a situation for the forthcoming traveling season. Address them at West Farms, Westchester Co., N. Y., as per advertisement in another column.

A THIRTY FOOT round top canvas, nearly new, and a couple of vails are advertised for sale by Ray V. Smith in this week's CLIPPER.

## Negro Minstrelsy.

MANAGER HOOLEY offers his patrons this week one of the most attractive bills he has given since the opening of his new hall. S. S. Purdy has been engaged, and commences on the end. J. J. Reynolds, tenor vocalist, is also added to the company. The pantomime of "The Magic Trumpet" is also given as an afterpiece, with Tony Denier as the clown.

JULES STRATTON, the balladist, advertises in this issue for a "posish" with a minstrel party. He does not wish to travel with any more companies that have a female treasurer and manager.

SKIFF & GAYLORD, having leased the Academy of Music, Chicago, commenced a regular season on Feb. 26th. They give, it is said, a very pleasing entertainment. The principal feature of their programme, beside the regular minstrelsy, is a fine panorama of "Sherman's March to the Sea."

JAPANESE TOMMY was to join Skiff & Gaylord's party, at Chicago, on the 12th inst.

JOHNNY BOOKER'S MINSTRELS have, during the past three weeks, been doing a good business in the Buckeye State, and the press speaks in terms of praise of the performances. The company were at Dayton three nights, and though having a strong opposition to contend with, as Couldock and daughter were playing at the Opera House, yet Huston Hall was filled on each occasion with large and fashionable audiences. The troupe play in the Academy of Music, Cleveland, on the 1st and 2d inst., and were to come east.

SKIFF AND GAYLORD'S MINSTRELS did well last week in Chicago. The reason why this party can alway float and never sink, is because they have got an Empty (M. T.) Skiff and are well Steered.

THE HAGER BROTHERS, champion double clog dancers, can be engaged by addressing their agent, D. H. Brush, as per advertisement in another column.

CHARLEY GLEASON, end man, banjoist, etc., wishes an engagement for the spring and summer season, with a good minstrel troupe. See advertisement.

CHARLEY SHAY wants a banjo player and a good advertiser for his Quinculplexal Troupe, as will be seen by his advertisement in another column.

CAL WAGNER AND SAM HAGUE'S MINSTRELS have been doing a good business through Pennsylvania, particularly up in the oil regions. The company is said to be a good one, and gives satisfaction wherever they appear. The performers are Cal Wagner, Sam Hague, T. D. Fenner, J. T. Carter, G. W. Rockefeller, D. H. Smith, Harry Wagner, Little Stevie, W. C. Hadley, Jas. M. Otis, J. H. Raymond, Geo. E. Peckham, Geo. S. Norris, Geo. W. Clark, Henri Stewart, Geo. Roberts and F. F. Babbage.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS are advertised ahead as follows:—Utica, March 7th; Syracuse, 8th and 9th; Oswego, 10th; Cortland, 12th; Binghampton, 13th; Elmira, 14th and 15th; Penn Yan, 16th; Canandaigua, 17th; Rochester, 19th and 20th; Albion, 21st; Lockport, 22d, and Buffalo, 23d and 24th.

NEWCOMB AND ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS appeared in Syracuse on the 3d, and were to remain on the 5th, and go thence to Watertown on the 6th and 7th; Schenectady, the 8th; Glenns Falls 9th, and Poughkeepsie 10th.

GREEN'S MOCKING BIRD MINSTRELS have reorganized and are advertised to show at Rochester, the 5th and 6th; Canandaigua 7th, and Auburn 8th and 9th. The lady manager is still along.

A LEADING VIOLINIST and cornet player and other musicians are wanted for a first class minstrel party, as will be seen by advertisement in another column.

FRANK MORAN is to have a complimentary benefit at Concross and Dixie's opera house, Philadelphia, on the afternoon of Thursday, March 8th.

SANDFORD'S MINSTRELS are giving entertainments in the southern counties of New Jersey this week, fetching up at Salem on the 9th and 10th.

S. S. SANFORD the veteran manager, starts out this week with a new minstrel organization, commencing among the Spaniards at South Camden, N. J., on the 5th; thence to Camden, the 6th; Millville, 7th; Bridgetown, 8th; and Salem 9th and 10th. He returns to the States on the 12th, and skirmishes through Pennsylvania.

LEAVITT'S TROUPE were at Plymouth, Mass., Feb. 28th; Hingham, March 1st; Taunton, 2d; and Fall River, 3d. The company is said to be a large one and giving the best of satisfaction.

BOOKER'S MINSTRELS perform at Erie, Pa., on the 8th inst.

J. H. CLIFFORD, the terpsichorean professor, now performing at Hooley's, in Brooklyn, and who is the author and publisher of a work on dancing, as will be seen by an advertisement in another column, is about organising a troupe to travel, and wishes to engage a company therefor. For specifications, &c., see advertisement in this week's CLIPPER.

WOOD'S MINSTRELS were advertised to be at Huston Hall, Dayton, Ohio, on the 5th and 6th inst.

SEAVER'S NEW MINSTREL HALL, Williamsburgh, L. I., formerly the old Odeon, and located on Fifth street, between South Third and South Fourth streets, is to be opened on March 5th, with a minstrel company under the management of Mr. Seaver and the stage direction of George Coes, formerly of California, and lately with the Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge Minstrels, Boston. We viewed the Hall on the 1st inst., and were really surprised to find a really magnificent place of amusement, which for beauty and comfort will rival any similar establishment in the country. Our friends across the river have an establishment of their own, and if a good company is engaged, they have no reason to come across the river. The auditorium is on the second floor, which is approached by a wide stairway. There is no gallery at present, but it is the intention of the proprietor to put one in shortly. The main floor contains forty-two long benches, capable of seating over 500 people. The first fourteen benches nearest the stage are parquet seats, for which 50 cents each is charged. The remaining seats are 30 cents each. In front of the stage are seventy-five orchestra chairs, at 75 cents each. The stage is a very commodious one; is 30 feet deep, 48 feet 9 inches wide, and 30 feet high. The width of proscenium 11 feet, and 24 high. There are two proscenium boxes, and over each is a dressing room. On the side of the stage is another dressing room, and beneath the stage is a large wash room. There are four grooves to the stage. The flats are 16 feet 6 inches wide by 15 feet 4 inches high. Wings, 6 feet; and tormentors, 4 feet. Drop curtain, 33 feet. Depth of auditorium from stage front, 72 feet, width 48 feet 9 inches, and 30 feet high. The stage has a descent of ¾ of an inch to the foot, and the auditorium a pitch of 1¾ inches to the foot, affording a splendid view of the stage in every part of the hall. It is capitally ventilated, having a great many windows. The scenery is very neat and artistically done by George W. Dayton, reflecting great credit upon him as an artist. The drop represents a skating carnival, and is a pretty affair. Properly managed and with a good working company, there is no reason why it should not not be as successful as Hooley's, in Brooklyn.

WM. FOOTE, JR., at present advertising agent for Burgess, Prendergast & Co's Minstrels, wishes a situation in a like capacity with some minstrel or circus troupe. For address, etc., see his advertisement in this issue of the CLIPPER.

A NEW PARTY consisting of Frank Hussey, J. H. O'Neil, Joe Taylor, Johnny Collins, Clinton, Nashlom, Hamilton, Wyant and McDermott, was to open Platt's Hall, San Francisco, on Feb. 5th.

A MINSTREL PARTY, consisting of A. J. Talbot, Jake Wallace, Augustus Melville and others, organized in Virginia, N. T., on Jan. 26th, and started on a trip through Nevada.

ANOTHER DEATH.—Theo. Jacobs, (right name, Theo. L. Jacobi), well known in the minstrel business as advance agent, died at the residence of his father, the Rev. John C. Jacobi, in Central Village, Windham Co., Conn., on Feb. 16th, aged 35 years.

JOHN SIVORI, the popular banjoist, continues to receive pupils and get them up in the art banjoic. If you want to master the old Cremona get Sivori to teach you, as he guarrantees to learn any one in one lesson to play a tune.

## Miscellaneous.

PROF. MOREY, who is known as the great American wizard, has been starring it through Ohio with his two Carrs, and realizing the equiv. He is now in Indiana, and on the 5th, 6th and 7th inst., shows at Greencastle, from whence he goes to Vincennes, Seymour, Louisville, Ky., Madison, Ind., Edinburgh, Indianapolis, etc.

SHOW BUSINESS in the Western country, says Charley Shay, is shocking bad. Business is poor, board high, hall rent exhorbitant, and licenses extortionate. Bad prospect that.

MCEVOY'S PANORAMA OF IRELAND is in its third week in Pittsburgh, showing to overflowing houses. The principal feature in the ohio is young McEvoy's performance on the violin. A correspondent says:—"The songs, stories, and afterpiece remind us of the childish games played by children after school, but it makes money. A feature for any enterprising manager who will take a panorama of the same subject and manage it properly."

ALLYNE, the wizard, was at Allyne Hall, Hartford, on March 3d.

MULLIGAN'S GLASS BLOWERS just returned from the British West Indies, were at Jackson Hall, Jackson, Mich, four days last week, closing on the 1st inst.

RELICS OF J. WILKES BOOTH are advertised for sale in another column, by J. M. Veon, of Quebec, C. E., who says that he came in possession in the following manner:—"I bought them at public auction in this city on the 1st of July last. Booth had shipped them on board the schooner 'Maria Victoria,' which was bound for Nassau, thence to run the blockade, but was run ashore and abandoned near the Island of Bic, in the lower St. Lawrence. There were three trunks containing his theatrical effects. The U. S. Consul claimed the papers which were found in them, and the rest of the articles were sold by decree of the Vice Court of Admiralty for Lower Canada, in liquidation of salvage claims.

WHERE WILLIE WARE is, and what he is prepared to do for both managers and the profession generally, will be found in an advertisement in another column.

A YOUNG LADY is wanted to travel with a magician, and to learn the business. See W. Vandemar's advertisement in another column.

KELLER commences at the Melodeon, Boston, on the 7th inst.

HURLEY'S PANORAMA OF IRELAND, owing to bad management, has closed for the season and returned to Troy.

PROF D. B. (what is the D.B., for?) DE ST. JEAN, magician, was giving performances at the Theatre Royal, Halifax, last week. Among his many acts announced was that of cutting off the head of a man and replacing it again.

MASONIC HALL, Nashville, Tenn., which has a seating capacity of thirteen hundred, and is claimed to be the largest hall in the South, may be rented of Messrs. Dorman and Fenton, lessees, as per their advertisement in another column.

HARRY & TWOMBLY'S PANORAMA was at Piqua, Ohio, on the 1st inst.

PROF. HUTCHINGS, the "lightning calculator," gave an entertainment at Tremont Temple, Boston, on Feb. 26th, under the auspices of Bryan, Stratton & Co's Business College of that city. In his lecture he related anecdotes of several eccentric characters he had met with in his travels, which kept the house in a continual roar of laughter. At the close of his lecture he gave an exhibition of his proficiency, with which results, in addition, multiplication, substraction and division were arrived at by his method of figuring, which, he stated, was not a natural faculty, but a knowledge which every person can very easily acquire.

JOHN G. SAXE gave his humorous lecture, "Yankee Land," at Metzerott Hall, Washington, on Feb. 27th, to a good house.

MAITLAND commenced at Masonic Hall, Nashville, Tenn., on Feb. 24th, for one week.

ALF. BURNETT performed in New Castle, Pa., lately, to a crowded house. At Mercer, Pa., the Library Association paid him $225, and expenses for two nights. At Meadville, Steiner, the aeronaut, gave him $250 for two entertainments. This speaks well for Alfred. The following flattering notices are from the Pittsburgh, Pa., *Commercial* of Feb. 14th: "The inimitable Burnett lectured last evening at Masonic Hall before a crowded and fashionable audience. It were vain to give the reader who failed to hear him an adequate conception of the interest and humor he aroused; his finished portraiture of character; his bright and fervid fancy; his perfect recitation; his quiet ease at imitation, and natural charm of his actions, which rendered his efforts more than acceptable. Burnett is growing into greater favor than ever with the lecture going public, and may always be confident of a good reception in Pittsburgh. To say that the entertainment was a success would be but a tame figure of speech. It was a triumph of comicality, pathos, keen, flashing wit and broad laughter provoking satire that kept the audience in convulsions of laughter."

THE MILTONIAN TABLEAUX OF PARADISE LOST, which has been meeting with so much success in Baltimore the past four weeks, opens in Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, on the 19th inst.

PROF. HARRINGTON, ventriloquist, is about to retire, it is said, from the show business.

YANKEE AND SPANISH COMBS, jewels, dresses, etc., may be procured at No. 16, Prince street, N. Y., as per advertisement.

MAITLAND, the wizard and scion of a noble house is about to invade the Southern States to assist in reconstructing them by his prestidigitatorial exhibitions. His address, etc., will be found in an advertisement in this and succeeding issues of the CLIPPER.

WILLIAMS' SOUTH SEA WHALING VOYAGE was so successful the first week in Lockport, N. Y., that it tried a second week with equal success and closed there on the 24 inst., and opened in Erie, Pa., on the 3d, for nine nights.

PROF. HAP-PE-MAN, the Catskill Mountain Violinist, etc., is laying up at Lockport, N. Y.

BILL POSTER is one of those useful individuals whose services cannot be dispensed with in any community. In Pittsburgh resides one of this ilk who is well posted in his business, and as all shows should be well posted, we hereby post managers where this accomplished poster may be communicated with by post or otherwise. His name is James Thackeray, and he may be addressed at the *Commercial* office as per advertisement is another column.

PROFESSOR WISEMAN and wife are to give a series of magical entertainments in Concert Hall, Philadelphia, commencing on the 17th inst.

BOOKER'S HALL, Wauseon, O., which has the repute of being the best in North Western Ohio, and located in an amusement patronising community, may be rented by addressing as per advertisement in this week's CLIPPER.

MAITLAND, the illusionist, has been meeting with a good run of houses in the south west. In Nashville he played five nights to large audiences, closing there on Feb 24th, and went thence to New Albany, Ind., for two nights, Jeffersonville two nights, and was advertised for Lexington, Ky., March 2d, 3d and 5th, Frankfort 6th and 7th. His route from Frankfort is Cairo, Memphis, Jackson, Miss., New Orleans and Mobile, returning through the interior of Georgia and Tennessee to Louisville.

FOR ROUSE'S STAR COMBINATION two accomplished cornet players are wanted, to whom the most liberal terms are offered. Application should be made to Prof. Geo. A. Florance as instructed in an advertisement in this and following issues of the CLIPPER.

HANCKER'S PANORAMA OF A TOUR OF EUROPE is in Binghampton, N. Y., for five nights, commencing on the 5th.

TILLOTSON'S OCIOPLEXARA TROUPE were at Watkins, N. Y., on the 1st inst., and are winding their way up the Genessee Valley, meeting with good houses.

A YOUNG MAN who can play the melodeon is wanted by a popular showman to travel with an entertainment now doing a good business. For particulars see advertisement.

HARLY & TWOMBLY'S POLYORAMA exhibits at Greenville, O., on the 5th and 6th, and Richmond, 7th and 8th inst.

A WORKING AGENT is a desirable man to have connected with any show. Such an one, John Dickson by name, advertises in this week's issue for a "posish."

CARRIE A. MOORE'S address is at the CLIPPER office for the present, instead of at Pittsburgh, as stated in an advertisement in another column.

## Amateur.

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB, of Columbia, Tenn., gave its tenth performance on Feb. 24th, to a crowded house. The plays consisted of "Carpenter of Rouen" and "Paddy Miles' Boy," and, it is said, went off very well.

LEBANON, OHIO, has got an amateur association, organized there lately, and its first performance took place on Feb. 22d, to a crowded house, at fifty cents admission. A second performance was given on Feb. 24th, with good success. The members are H. T. Bibighause, Jac. L. Rise, H. A. Rise, D. Bowman, A. Franseltzer, Dr. Light, Cyrus Derr, J. Mutch, and L. Housk, and a number of ladies, with a good orchestra.

J. H. EMERSON is to take a benefit at Trenor's Washington Hall, Williamsburgh, on the 7th inst., when an Amateur performance will be given by the American Dramatic Association.

## Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

MISS CORBET WESTON advertises in the London *Era* for an agent to accompany her to America.

MAD. PAREPA appeared at Astley's Theatre, London, on Feb. 26th, in a concert given by Howard Glover.

SOL. SMITH, Jr., put in a first appearance on Feb. 19th, at the Greenwich Theatre, London, Eng.

MAD. LISIZ, the mother of the great musician of that name, died in Paris early in Feb.

"ARRAH-NA-POGUE" has proved the most successful drama produced in Australia for some time. Barry Sullivan has been playing Shaun at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne.

T. P. CARNY, he who was in this country and failed as an Irish vocalist, is to appear at the Oxford Music Hall, Liverpool, Eng., on the 26th inst.

THE LYSTER OPERA TROUPE opened at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, on Dec. 26th, under Barry Sullivan's management.

J. B. HOWE is at the Effingham Theatre, London, Eng.

H. WEBB, a musician in the orchestra of the Italian Opera House, London, Eng., died in London on Feb. 12.

THE PRINCESS' THEATRE, Melbourne, Australia, after being closed nearly two years, was re-opened Dec. 9th. Prior to the re-opening, the theatre had been entirely remodeled, and decorated in a chaste and elegant style. Everything about the place, except the shell of the building, is new. The stage is fifty-eight feet deep, and a good view of it can be obtained from any part of the dress circle, which is fitted up quite luxuriously. The sitting accommodation is sufficient for about 1,600 persons. The opening piece was "The Love Chase." The strength of the cast lay in the ladies. Mrs. Phillips, was the Widow Green. Miss Joey Gougenheim is considered to have achieved a success as Constance, and in Miss Anna Maria Quinn's Lydia there is, it is said, much to be commended. J. H. Allen, who had previously appeared at the Theatre Royal in that city, and although announced as the "Great American Tragedian," and failed, had been engaged as one of the company, but failed to put in an appearance because his name was not printed in sufficiently large letters in the announce bills.

BARRY SULLIVAN has been applied to, to re-open the Victoria Theatre, London.

"ARRAH-NA-POGUE" is to be produced in Paris, shortly, by Dion Boucicault, at the Gaiete Theatre, under the title of *Le Noces Irlandaises*. The directors are going to great expense for its speedy production, as they anticipate it will be eminently successful during the summer. The translation is from the pen of the author of the original of the Streets of London. Wonder how the French will respond to the spirited words of the "Wearing of the Green?"

AVONIA JONES, it is now stated on her own authority, was married to the late G. V. Brooke, during his last visit to England. For certain reasons, appertaining to family affairs, they had lived apart for some time, but had agreed to rejoin one another in the autumn of last year. Meanwhile Mr. George Coppin was on his way to England, expressly to engage Mr. Brooke to go to Australia. He visited London, and urged Mr. Brooke to revisit Melbourne, pointing out to him the warm welcome which awaited him in the Colonies, and the prospect of a rich pecuniary reward, which could almost be calculated upon with certainty. Both Mr. and Mrs. Brooke perceived the advisability of accepting such an offer, and Mrs. Brooke would have accompanied her husband, had not her agent in London already arranged with Mr. Shepherd for her appearance at the New Surrey Theatre. It was agreed that Mr. Brooke should sail for the antipodes, and that his wife should follow him at the conclusion of her London engagements. When the public are made aware, as they now are by this authorised article, that Mrs. Brooke herself selected the ill-fated steamer as the one on which the tragedian should make his voyage, that she accompanied him and his sister, Miss Sarah Frances Brooke, to Plymouth, that she parted from her husband and sister-in-law on board the doomed vessel, that she was about the last to leave the decks of the London, and that the appalling news of the loss of that memorable steamer came to her only a few days before she had to make her appearances on the stage of the New Surrey, it will easily be understood why Avonia Brooke was neither joyful nor possessed of her wonted vim and vigor as an *artiste*. She endeavored to keep faith with the public, fighting inwardly against the grief which almost overpowered her. We are credibly informed that she attended long and wearying rehearsals of 'East Lynne' at a time when mental suffering had produced so much physical depression that she had scarcely been able to take a meal for many days. Still she kept to her appointment with the public, and made her appearance on the evening advertised, though both the management and her friends advised postponement. The severe remarks by some of the press on her lowness of voice the first evening is, therefore, to be much regretted, especially as the lady has now regained her strength, nerved herself to her duties, and is summoned before the curtain twice or thrice every evening to receive the plaudits which attest to the decided success of 'East Lynne.'"

A BALLET LADIES' ASSOCIATION.—A number of ladies, occupying a high social position in London, have formed a society for the purpose of improving the condition of ballet-dancers. In order to become a member of the institution, the dancer is to deposit in the nearest post-office savings bank a sum not less than 25 cents a fortnight. The committee of ladies, on the other hand, are endeavoring to raise a fund out of which they propose to pay a percentage upon the deposits equal to and in addition to that allowed by the government. The members will thus receive double interest on their savings. It is hoped that the fund will be sufficient to afford extra assistance in the event of sickness or distress. It is proposed by the committee that the lady of the ballet who has outlasted her profession—say, at the age of thirty-five—shall receive an allowance for three months, that she may learn one of the few trades that afford employment to women. A book for subscriptions to the "Ballet Benefit Fund" has been opened at Messrs. Drummond's.


## AMUSEMENTS.

**BARNUM'S NEW AMERICAN MUSEUM,**
BROADWAY, BETWEEN SPRING AND PRINCE STREETS.
This Establishment does not Advertise in the New York Herald.
CHANGE OF TIME.
The AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE hereafter will invariably COMMENCE AT 2 O'CLOCK.
EVERY AFTERNOON AT 2. EVENING AT 7½.
IMMENSE HIT.
THE SCRIPTURAL HISTORICAL DRAMA
Endorsed by the
RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY,
And already witnessed by
OVER 60 000 PERSONS.
MOSES;
OR,
ISRAEL IN EGYPT.
MAGNIFICENT SCENERY, COSTUMES AND APPOINTMENTS.
MOVING PANORAMA OF THE NILE.
SCRIPTURAL TABLEAU.
CROSSING THE RED SEA.
DESTRUCTION OF PHARAOH AND HIS HOSTS.
TRIUMPH OF ISRAEL.
W. B. HARRISON, Extemporaneous Singer.
GREAT LIVING CURIOSITIES.
THREE IMMENSE GIANTS. THREE DWARFS.
TWO CIRCASSIAN GIRLS. GLASS BLOWERS.
ALBINO BOY.
Cosmoramas, Learned Seal, Happy Family, Grand Aquaria, and 100,000 Curiosities.
Admission, 30 cents; children under ten, 15 cents.

**OLYMPIO THEATRE,**
Sole Lessee and Manageress....MRS. JOHN WOOD.
Stage Manager.....J. H. SELWYN.
This Establishment does not Advertise in the New York Herald.
In consequence of the great success which has attended the presentation of the Extravagant Burlesque Extravaganza, entitled
CINDERELLA E LA COMARE,
With
MRS. JOHN WOOD
As Cinderella, the Baron's youngest daughter,
MR. GEORGE FAWCETT ROWE
As Clorinda, the Baron's eldest daughter, it will be repeated
EVERY NIGHT UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.
Previous to which the petite comedy, in two acts,
USED UP.
Sir Charles Coldstream.....Mr. George Fawcett Rowe
Doors open at 7½; curtain will rise at a ¼ to 8 precisely.
Seats secured three days in advance.

**NEW YORK CIRCUS. HIPPOTHEATRON,**
FOURTEENTH STREET,
Between Third and Fourth avenues, opposite Academy of Music
L. B. LENT.....Manager.
This Establishment does not Advertise in the New York Herald.
EVERY NIGHT AT 8 O'CLOCK.
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY MATINEES AT 2½.
MR. JAMES ROBINSON
Will give his principal act
ON A BAREBACK HORSE,
And introdu

## AMUSEMENTS.

### To Advertisers.

We call the attention of Managers and Professionals who wish to avail themselves of the extensive circulation of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, the Theatrical Organ of America, to make known their business, wants, etc., to the following schedule of rates for advertising:—

Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line, a liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

FRANK QUEEN
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, N. Y.

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**BRYANTS' OPERA HOUSE.**
MECHANICS' HALL.....472 Broadway, above Grand street
NEIL AND DAN BRYANT.....Proprietors
JOHN SIMPSON.....Treasurer | SANDY ROSS.....Officer
F. BONIFACE.....Properties | POP DOOLITTLE.Doorkeeper
Ushers:
B. BUCHANAN, D. C. WINANS, C. MITCHELL, W. RICKETTS.
The Original World Renowned
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,
Whose concerts in the City of New York, during a period of NINE YEARS, is without precedent in the annals of public amusement.

No entertainment of any character, depending on its own attraction, ever met with the same continued patronage as the performances of this company, their concerts having been CROWDED EACH EVENING WITH HIGHLY RESPECTABLE AND FASHIONABLE AUDIENCES,

Receiving a favor and patronage unparalleled by any amusement, and universally admitted to EXCEL ALL EXHIBITIONS of a similar character ever presented,

THE COMPANY
Comprising an efficient versatile corps of
TALENTED AND EXPERIENCED ARTISTS,
Under the direction of the popular comedian,
DAN BRYANT,
Who will nightly appear in conjunction with Messrs.

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| NELSE SEYMOUR, | DAN EMMETT, | DAVE REED, |
| C. HENRY, | G. S. FOWLER. | J. H. SIVORI, |
| G. F. CLARENDON, | J. GARRATAGUI, | J. S. COX, |
| O. TEMPLETON, | W. P. GRIER, | M. WARREN, |
| J. MORRISON, | LITTLE MAC, | NEIL BRYANT. |

In a brilliant variety of New Songs, Choruses, Dances, Farces, Burlesque Sketches, Operatic and Plantation Scenes.

Parquet, 50 cents; Gallery, 30 cents; Private Boxes, $5. [48-tf

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**HOOLEY'S NEW OPERA HOUSE,**
CORNER OF COURT AND REMSEN STREETS, BROOKLYN,
Is now open for the season with
A GREAT STAR COMBINATION OF
MINSTRELS AND PANTOMIMISTS.
THE MOST COMFORTABLE AND FINEST HALL IN AMERICA.

The Company comprises TWENTY-FIVE UNEQUALLED PERFORMERS, selected from the first ranks of the Profession.

First class talent can address
E. GREENLAND, Ag't. [28-tf] R. M. HOOLEY, Sole Propr'r.

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**CONSTELLATION DRAMATIC COMPANY.**
Under the immediate management of
J. C. MYERS.

Encouraged by the patronage bestowed on his former visit wit McKean Buchanan and daughter, Manager Myers has, at great expense, formed a combination comprising the following artistes

| | |
|---|---|
| ANNIE SENTER LANGDON, | HARRY A. LANGDON, |
| MISS FLORA MYERS, | F. POTTER |
| DEN THOMPSON, | DAN. TOWNSEND, |
| G. W. STEVENSON, | HECTOR MACKAY, |
| J. J. COLLINS, | J. BANKS, |
| J. HINES, | M. HECTOR, |
| MASTER NED, | W. H. GORHAM, |
| MRS. G. W. STEVENSON, | MRS. S. A. NASH, |
| GRACE GREENWOOD, | MISS FLORENCE MAY. |

J. C. MYERS, Manager,
Who will produce in a worthy manner the best sensations of the day, and will be at
Syracuse, N. Y., 3 weeks, commencing February 26th.
Oswego, N. Y., 1 week, commencing March 19th.
Utica, N. Y., 2 weeks, commencing March 26th.
Return to Syracuse, 2 weeks, commencing April 9th.
Binghampton, 1 week, commencing April 23d.
Elmira, 1 week, commencing April 30th.
Erie, 1 week, commencing May 7th.
Cleveland, May 14th, 15th and 16th.
Toledo, May 17th to 26th. 46-3m

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**MOST POWERFUL ORGANIZATION**
IN EXISTENCE.
THIRTEENTH ANNUAL SUCCESSFUL TOUR.
WE ARE COMING AGAIN,
With an entire extraordinary New Programme.
OLDEST TROUPE IN THE WORLD,
Enlarged and improved for the season of 1866 and '67.

Return to the West, the Canadas, and New Orleans, of the great gigantic and incomparable
DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S
Original New Orleans and Metropolitan
MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND,
Appearing in their unrivalled champion
MAMMOTH ETHIOPIAN CONCERTS,
Introducing on this occasion all the latest features in Negro Minstrelsy, by the following famous old favorite Stars of 13 years' standing with this Company:

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|---|---|
| BILLY WEST, | EDWIN M. PARMELEE, |
| C. H. DUPREZ, | BILLY PRESTON, |
| CALIXA LAVALLEE, | GEORGE MARUIN, |
| JAMES KOEHL, | LEW. BENEDICT, |
| SAMUEL POND, | FRANK KENT, |
| CHAS. KOEHL, | J. H. TAYLOR, |
| WM. WAYNE, | FRANK KRUTA, |
| SIG. GUSTAVE BIDEAUX, | CHAS. F. SLOCUM, |
| EDWIN HOLMES, | JACOB KOEHL, |
| GONSALVO BISHOP, | JOHN OTIS. |
| FRED. HEINDRICH, | |

The whole under the immediate auspices and control of DUPREZ & BENEDICT, Proprietors, formerly Duprez & Green. All the above celebrated great Artists will appear positively each night with this Great Troupe, on their return from their triumphant brilliant Eastern tour

NOTICE.—J. E. Green, formerly a partner in this concern, was disconnected from the Troupe Nov. 11th, 1865, and is now no way connected with the Company whatever. Any debts contracted by him will be on his own responsibility. Mr. Chas. H Duprez having bought the entire interest and whole claim of the said J. E. Green, and has taken in partnership Mr. Lewis Benedict, the renowned Tamborinist and popular Negro Comedian; hence hereafter the Troupe will be known by the name of DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTREL.

For full particulars see Mammoth Posters and Programmes. Doors open at 7; to commence at 8 o'clock.

C. H. DUPREZ, Manager. SAM. POND, C. F. SLOCUM, } Agents.
47-tf

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**HARRISON'S NEW THEATRE,**
LANCASTER, PA.
G. W. HARRISON.....Sole Lessee and Manager
This beautiful Temple of Thespis is in the full tide of success, with a first class company of artists. Stars wishing nights after March 11th, 1866, will be treated with in a liberal manner.

WANTED—Two good utility men. Apply immediately to
J. T. FANNIN, Stage Manager.
February 23d, 1866. 47-3t*

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**SPECIAL NOTICE TO MANAGERS.**
Managers of theatrical companies, Concert Halls, Minstrel Troupes, &c., in want of FIRST CLASS TALENT, can procure the same by addressing FORD & CO., Theatrical Agents,
47-2t* P. O. Box 2635, 118 S Clark st., Room 21, Chicago, Ill.

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**WANTED, A DANSEUSE—Good Salary and** with a responsible manager. Apply immediately to DAVIS & CO., Theatrical Agents, 173 West Fourth street, Cincinnati, O. 47-3 *

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**WANTED.—Several Young Ladies for the Ballet.** Apply immediately to DAVIS & CO.,
47-3t* Theatrical Agents, Box 252, Cincinnati, O.

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**LOST IN LONDON.—The true copy, as played** at Wood's Chicago Museum, and purchased of me, together with Ten Nights in a Bar Room, Octoroon, Colleen Bawn, and many others, for sale by CHAS. WILKINSON,
47-2t* Stage Manager, Detroit, Mich.

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**CHARLEY PARKER, Clown and General Performer.**—If you wish an engagement to travel with me the coming season, telegraph or write to St. Paul, Minn., stating salary. GEORGE W. DE HAVEN. 47-2t*

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**R. B. KENT'S Theatrical Hosiery,**
NO. 344 BOWERY, N. Y.,
FORMERLY GARNER'S ESTABLISHMENT,
Will remove, on May 1st to
NO. 202 BOWERY, N. Y.,
47-3m* Between Prince and Spring streets.

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**THEATRICAL AND MINSTREL AGENCY.**
MANAGERS IN WANT OF TALENT,
And Talent in want of Managers, can have their wants supplied by applying to
FUNSTON & CORNWELL,
Box 889, or Programme Office,
47-2t* Philadelphia.

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**J. E. HARTEL,**
(LATE MUSICAL DIRECTOR MET. THEATRE, BUFFALO, N.Y.,)
Is at liberty to negotiate as
"LEADER OF ORCHESTRA"
in a first class Theatre. Have a large library of Dramatic and Orchestral (latest) Music. Best reference given.
Address for three weeks,
J. E. HARTEL,
47-2t* Box 926, Davenport, Iowa.

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**FOR SALE, A BARGAIN—**
ALL THE SCENERY, DROP CURTAIN,
BORDERS, GROOVES, &c.,
of the Olympic Theatre. Suitable for a first class Theatre. 9 pair of Flats 15 feet 4 inches high, 10 feet 7 inches wide; 8 pair of Wings, Tormentors, &c.
Apply to
FUNSTON & CORNWELL,
47-2t* Box 889, Phila. P. O.

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**BROWN'S HALL,**
ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS,
On Galena and Chicago Railroad, 90 miles from Chicago, 30 from Freeport; population 9,000. Capacity of Hall, seats 1,000 comfortably; height 28 feet; good stage, dressing rooms, ticket office, gas, footlights, etc., on second floor. Hall new and best in place. Address BROWN'S HALL, Box 384,
47-2t* Rockford, Ill.

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**REORGANIZED AND ENLARGED FOR 1866.**
JOHNNY BOOKER'S
MINSTRELS
AND
SILVER CORNET BAND,
Composed of SIXTEEN of the brightest Luminaries in the world and 4 BEST COMEDIANS and DANCERS now traveling, under the immediate supervision of the world-renowned and original
JOHNNY BOOKER,
one of the Veterans and Pioneers of Minstrelsy.

This Metropolitan Combination has lately been augmented, and are now returning on their Eastern tour after a brilliant season of success in the West.

THE SILVER CORNET BAND,
H. W. GIFFORD.....LEADER
are supplied with a full set of the finest SILVER INSTRUMENTS ever used by any similar organization.

Our Processions through the streets of each city eclipse anything of the kind heretofore attempted.

The voices of the people and the press pronounce this the
NE PLUS ULTRA OF ALL BANDS.

All are legitimate stars of Metropolitan reputation.

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| Mr. JOHNNY BOOKER, | Mr. FRANK GIFFORD, |
| Mr. NED STANLY, | Mr. J. H. GIFFORD, |
| Mr. O. P. SWEET. | SIG. CARLOS TORNEY, |
| Mr. G. W. HERMAN, | Mr. E. O. KIMBERLY, |
| Mr. HARRY CAUSLAND, | Mr. WILLIAM DOUGLAS, |
| Mr. H. W. GIFFORD, | MASTER WILLIE. |

R. G. KNEELAND.
MIKE KANANE, Champion Clog Dancer.
JOE MAIRS, the celebrated impersonator of Female Character.
JOHNNY BOOKER.....Sole Proprietor
WM. BOOKER.....Treasurer
FRANK E. WILLIS, } Agents.
CHAS. J. WARNER, }

N. B.—The public are cautioned against confounding the name of this old established troupe with the Genuine Darkeys known as Brooker's Minstrels.
45-tf JOHNNY BOOKER, Sole Proprietor.

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**VALUABLE CIRCUS PROPERTY**

FOR SALE.
TWENTY FINE CONCORD AND NEW YORK CITY MADE TWO AND FOUR HORSE WAGONS,
Used but one season, and in excellent condition.
LOT OF TWO AND FOUR HORSE HARNESS.
ONE FIFTY FEET CANVAS.
ONE ORGAN.
60 BURNER CHANDELIER. 20 BURNER CHANDELIER.
Lot Entree Dresses, Trappings and Red Cloths. Splendid Monitor Wagon, magnificently furnished and ornamented with 64 new and interesting pictures. The awnings, etc., of the "Monitor" are complete.
THIRTY-SIX VERY FINE HORSES,
including several first class Pad Animals and a number of valuable Ponies.
For further and direct information apply to
L. B. LENT, New York Circus,
Hippotheatron Buildings, Fourteenth street,
47-tf Opposite the Academy of Music.

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**BANJO! BANJO! BANJO! Correctly taught.** Banjo Book, with or without a Master, mailed $1, also violin taught by J. SIVORI, (of Bryants' Minstrels,) successor to F. B. Converse, 476½ Broadway,
45-1t* New York.

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**SKATORIAL QUEEN,**
CARRIE AUGUSTA MOORE,
Is now prepared to negotiate with Managers of first class theatres. Managers will address, up to February 17th, to
48-4t* Pittsburgh, Pa.

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**HO FOR THE TENTING SEASON!**
UP WITH THE CANVAS!
TO CIRCUS MANAGERS.
CHARLES PARKER,
CLOWN AND GENERAL PERFORMER,
Now with Howe and Castello's Circus in the South, can be engaged for the coming Tenting Season.
Address him care of this office. 45-10t*

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**MRS. D. P. BOWERS.**
All business communications should be addressed in care of
BARNUM'S HOTEL,
45-3m* Baltimore, Md.

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**NATIONAL THEATRE,**
CINCINNATI, OHIO.
EDWARD BERRY.....Lessee and Manager
This splendid Theatre (now open and doing a profitable business,) will commence a season under the above Manager, on or about Feb. 26. Good performers wishing engagements, address
EDWARD BERRY,
National Theatre,
45-5t* Cincinnati, Ohio.

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**WANTED.—A full Dramatic Company for New** Orleans. Apply to DAVIS & CO., Cincinnati, O., Drawer 252.
N. B.—A first class Stage Manager wanted. 46-4t*

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**BANJO AND ETHIOPIAN JIG, Clog, Burlesque** and Irish Jig Dancing taught by the renowned JOHN BOGAN, manufacturer and teacher of the Banjo, 131 East Houston st., N. Y. Banjos of superior tone from $2 upwards. 46-3t*

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**NOTICE—NEW AMERICAN THEATRE,**
WALNUT STREET (above Eighth), PHILADELPHIA.
The Equestrian Season will finish at this establishment on Saturday, Feb. 24th, and the regular Dramatic and Variety Performance will be resumed on
MONDAY EVENING, FEB. 26, 1866.
First class Talent in all Branches wanted, and good engagements always open for talented artists, Dramatic, Operatic, Terpsichorean, Pantomimic, Ethiopic, Acrobatic, etc.
Apply personally, or by letter.
R. FOX Proprietor and Manager.
45-tf JAMES PILGRIM, Stage Manager.

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**WANTED—A good man to Advertise CHARLEY** SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXAL. To a good worker, understanding his business, employment will be given by immediately addressing CHARLEY SHAY, Quincuplexal Troupe, Rock Isl., Ill. 44-2t*

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WM. ROBERTS & SON, Manufacturers of Dancing Clogs, and other kinds, suited for any purpose, at No. 96 Ninth avenue, New York. Established in New York in 1842.

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A full, efficient and first class Company for the
OPERA HOUSE, PITTSBURGH,
Next season, commencing about Sept. 10.
None but artists of acknowledged ability and reputation need apply.
Also, Stage Carpenter, Property Man, and Leader of Orchestra.
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**WANTED IMMEDIATELY,**
Several Dancseuses and Vocalists. Fares paid from Chicago. Address, stating salary, with stamp enclosed,
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Several Theatrical Performers, in all branches of the profession, for Western theatres. FARES PAID FROM CHICAGO. Address, with stamp enclosed, FORD & CO., Theatrical Agents,
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Suitable for Circuses, Menageries, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to suit customers.
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We have also the best facilities for printing
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Artists of ability desiring profitable engagements can procure them by addressing
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After the
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Through the principal cities of the West, playing to the largest business in
CINCINNATI, BUFFALO, ROCHESTER and UTICA,
ever known in the history of Minstrelsy.
The Great Confederation of distinguished Ethiopian Artists,
BURGESS, PRENDERGAST, HUGHES & LA RUE'S
MINSTRELS.
THE MOST PERFECT ORGANIZATION IN EXISTENCE.
NO STALE JOKES, BUT EVERYTHING ENTIRELY NEW.
TWENTY BRILLIANT STARS,
under the personal supervision of the greatest of all living Ethiopian Comedians, COOL BURGESS.
Among the long array of eminent Ethiopian talent to be found in this extraordinary organization are:

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| COOL BURGESS, | DICK THOMPSON, |
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| DICK SANDS, | A. WALLACE, |
| PAUL BERGER, | J. P. HURRELL, |
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LATE NEW THEATRE.
W. SHRIVER & CO.....Lessees and Proprietors
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This model Temple of Music is now in the full tide of success, with a mammoth company of versatile artists, far ahead of anything ever presented before a Nashville audience in
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SONGS, DANCES,
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Performers of acknowledged ability will always be treated with on liberal terms, by addressing as above. 44-8t

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THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM,
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THREE FINE LARGE SNAKES,
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Also, a SOUTH AMERICAN COPUBARA and DOUBLE HEADED CALF.
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A sett of DESCRIPTIVE PAINTINGS
To be sold singly or collectively, by applying at the Museum.
H. P. LONGALS, Proprietor.
The above property is offered for sale only on account of the proprietor shortly visiting Europe. 45-tf

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**MANAGERS' AGREEMENT ASSOCIATION**
In behalf of what I consider the mutual interest of the Managers and Proprietors of Traveling Companies, and all such as contract for halls and licenses, for any purpose, I would submit the following for their approbation or disapproval I, for one, individually, am opposed to such exorbitant prices as are demanded in certain cities and towns for hall rents, licenses, etc., and think that, by forming some such association as above mentioned, and all Proprietors signing and strictly abiding by such resolutions, that we can, in a measure, cause these hall lessees, license makers, etc., to come down a peg in their charges. As a portion of them are dependent upon traveling companies for support, by all companies skipping towns, they would be obliged to shut up their halls or divide them up into tenement rooms. The following is what I would propose:

"We, the undersigned, whose names are hereunto appended, do agree to skip all such towns as charge over $50 per night for hall rent, or over $5 per night for license."

All such as approve of the above, and are willing to sign the same, by sending their names to the Clipper office, will help the fraternity, and soon see the beneficial effect of such a course.
45-4t* Truly Yours, CHARLEY SHAY.

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**WANTED.—A first class AGENT for a Dramatic** and Variety Troupe, about to travel in a few weeks. Address, with references, J. W. WHARTON,
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**SUNNYSIDE CONCERT HALL,**
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The above Hall will seat over one thousand persons, is fitted with entirely new and elegant scenery (Flats).
The most centrally located building in the city, and every way adapted for FIRST CLASS EXHIBITIONS
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**TAKE NOTICE.—Good responsible people will** find engagements at all times on our books by coming to our office. Stage Manager wanted for New Orleans.
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**WANTED.—An Agent to travel with two Star** Actors. Good recommendations, and must have been in the business before. Apply to DAVIS & CO.,
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**W. J THOMPSON, Melo-Dramatic Actor and** Pantomimist, and the wonderful Acting Dogs, HECTOR and CARLO, will be open for engagements on and after the 25th. All communications addressed care G. W. THOMPSON,
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is finely Frescoed, lighted with Gas, has Stage, Scenery, Foo and Border Lights.
Ample Dressing Room accommodations adjoining the Stage.
Is the best adapted for
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MINSTREL and
DRAMATIC
PERFORMANCES
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Will be rented by the Day or Week on liberal terms. Stage 36 by 60; Auditorium, 60 by 94. Seated with settees for 1,200. Acoustics perfect. 47-tf

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'Tis large enough, and not too large by twice—
Is central in location, and moderate in price.
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Well suited for OPERA, THEATRICAL, MINSTRELS, LECTURES, etc. Fitted with dressing rooms, and every necessary appurtenance. Seats 1,800 people. Address
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Now open for the Fall, Winter and Spring Seasons of 1865 and 1866, with the largest and most versatile troupe ever concentrated within the walls of any theatre in the world.
First class artists in every variety can obtain lucrative engagements by applying above. 21-tf

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RETURN TO BOSTON MARCH 19TH, 1866.
THE BUCKLEYS have rented their Beautiful Hall to
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TO MANAGERS AND ARTISTS.
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Having recently been entirely refitted, is now the finest and best adapted Hall in town for Concerts, Lectures, Minstrel and Dramatic Performances. For rent at fair rates by the proprietors.
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H. GRAU.....Sole Lessee
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FIRST CLASS STARS
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FIRST CLASS TALENT, AT
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Begs to remind his customers to hurry up their orders for Paintings, etc. "First come first served." 45-4t*

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Parties wishing to negotiate for a series of nights, will address as above.
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FIFTH YEAR OF
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THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE
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